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Elizabeth Holden
Her Book God Gave
Her Grace Here in
Book



DIVINE HYMNS,

OR

SPIRITUAL SONGS;

FOR THE USE OF

RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES

AND

PRIVATE CHRISTIANS:

BEING A COLLECTION BY

JOSHUA SMITH—AND OTHERS.

EIGHTH EDITION.

With large additions and alterations:

By WILLIAM NORTHUP, V. D. M.

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DI VINE HY M'NS,

OR

SPIRITUAL SONGS, &c.

HYMN. I. L. M.

A Song of Praise.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express,
But Oh ! his love; what tongue can tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sov'reign merciful and free
Has been his love to sinful me ;
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause,
To save me tho' I did rebel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 And since my soul has known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove ?

Mercy, which doth all praise excel ;
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 Whene'er my Saviour or my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;
I know in all that has befall,
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Tho' many flaming fi'ry darts,
Attempt their level at my heart ;
With this I all their rage repel—
My Jesus has done all things well.

8 Some times the Lord, his face doth hide,
To make me pray, and kill my pride ;
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

9 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

10 And when to those bright worlds I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies ;
Aboye the rest, this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN II. L. M.

CHRIST, the appletree.

THE Tree of life, my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green
The trees of nature, fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ the appletree.

Spiritual Songs.

5

2 This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ the appletree.

3 For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought ;
I miss'd for all, but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the appletree.

4 I'm weary'd with my former toil,
Here I shall set and rest a while ;
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ the appletree.

5 with great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away ;
Among the sons of men I see,
There's none like Christ the appletree.

6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like spirit'l wine,
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ the appletree.

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive ;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the appletree.

H Y M N . III. P. M.

The Farewell.

FAREWELL, my brethren, in the Lord,
The gospel sounds a Jubilee ;

A. 2

My stam'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea ;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds, and union dear ;
Like strings you twine about my heart ;
I humbly beg your earnest pray'r,
Till we shall meet no more to part—
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell my earthly friends below,
Tho' all so kind and dear to me ;
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel Jubilee—
To sound the joys, and bear the news,
To Gentile worlds, and royal Jews.

4 Farewell young people one and all ;
While God shall grant me breath to breathe
I'll pray to the eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live—
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally !

5 Farewell to all below the sun ;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is strait my feet shall run ;
And God will keep me as I go—
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell ! I look above ;
Jesus my friend, to thee I call ;
My joy, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my heav'nly all,

My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only joy till death—Amen.

HYMN IV.

The Saviour's Merit.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee, my God,
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin nor Satan, cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises thro' the sky,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Father give,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises all that live!

3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same,
He that asketh, soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find,
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glorious Christ of heav'nly birth;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises thro' the earth;

Glory, glory, glory, glory,

Glory, to the spirit be,

Glory, glory, glory, glory,

To the sacred one in three.

5. Now our advocate is pleading,

With his Father, and our God;

And for us is interceding,

As the purchase of his blood;

Now methinks I hear him praying,

Father! save them—I have died;

And the father answers saying,

They are freely justified.

6. Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,

Worthy is the Lamb of God,

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,

Who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood,

Holy, holy, holy, holy,

Holy is the Lord of hosts,

Holy, holy, holy, holy,

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7. Soon we hope to sing most sweetly,

At the marriage of the Lamb,

When his bride is dress'd completely,

Fit to celebrate the same:

○ what shouts shall then be ringing

Round the throne of God most high,

And what sweet, melod'ous singing

Then shall echo thro' the sky.

8. Glory, honor and thanksgiving,

Be unto the Lord our king;

○ let ev'ry creature living

The redeemer's praises sing;

Alleluiah! Alleluiah!

Now the Lord Jehovah reigns;

Allelujah ! Allelujah !
Sing his praise in highest strains.

9 Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,
Blessed be the God of heav'n,
Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,
Who has all our sins forgiv'n :
Praised, praised, praised, praised,
Praised be his holy name,
Praised, praised, praised, praised,
Now and ever more, amen.

H Y M N . V. L. M.

The Hiding-Place.

HAIL, sov'reign love ! that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man :
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God, that built the sky,
I fought, with hands uplifted high :
Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place !

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light ;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.

4 But lo ! th' eternal council rang,
Almighty love ! arrest the man ;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place !

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fi'ry mount I flew ;

But justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place !

6. But lo ! a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd ;
He led me on a pleasing place,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7. Should sev'n fold storms of vengeance roll,
And shake this globe from pole to pole ;
No thunder-bolts shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place !

8. On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place !

9. A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast ;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place !

HYMN VI. C. M.

The Christian soldier.

DRESS'D uniform Christ's soldiers are,
When duty calls abroad ;
Not purchas'd at their cost or care,
But by their Prince bestow'd.

Christ's soldiers do eat Christ-like bread,
Wear regimental dress ;
'Tis heav'nly white, and fac'd with red,
'Tis Christ's own righteousness !

3. A bright and sightly robe it is,
And to the soldier dear ;

Spiritual Songs.

No rose can learn to blush like this,
Nor lilly look so fair !

4 'Tis wrought by Jesu's skilful hand,
And stain'd in his own blood !
It makes the angels gazing stand,
To view this robe of God !

5 No art of man can weare this robe
Tis of such mixture fine :
Nor could the worth of all the globe,
By purchase make it mine.

6 'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout,
So curiously, that none
Can dress up in this seamless coat,
Till Jesus put it on.

7 This vesture never waxes old,
No spot thereon can fall :
It makes the soldier brisk and bold,
And dutiful with all.

8 Lord, dress me in this robe each day,
And it shall hide my shame ;
Shall make me fight 'gainst sin, and pray,
And bless my captain's name.

9 How brisk and bold Christ's soldiers are,
When dress'd up in this robe,
They look like men equipt for war,
Or like the sons of God.

10 Their shield is faith their helmet hope,
And thus they march Christ's road :
Christ's spirit is their glittering sword,
To play the man for God.

11 When dress'd up in this uniform,
 In order march a long ;
 Christ Jesus is their leader now,
 And conscience beats the drum.

12 The trumpet sounds by Christ's command,
 A long and joyful sound ;
 The soldiers shout, and praise their king,
 And th' walls come tumbling down.

HYMN VII. C. M.

A warning to sinners, to flee from the wrath to come.

WHEN pity prompts me to look round
 Upon this fellow clay ;
 See men reject the gospel sound,
 Good God ! what shall I say ?

2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
 Doom'd to eternal woe ;
 Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
 If God does not speak too.

3 O ! sinners, sinners, wont you here,
 When in God's name I come ?
 Upon your peril don't forbear,
 Lest hell should be your doom.

4 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O ! sinners come a way ;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.

5 O ! don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw ;
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come
 To execute his law.

6 Then where, poor mortals, will you be
If destitute of grace,

When you your injur'd judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?

7 O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night
From that all searching eye ?

8 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

9 No yearning bowels, pity then
Shall not affect my heart ;
No, I shall surely say amen
When Christ bids you depart.

10 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a listning ear ;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

H Y M N VIII. C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

A M I a soldier of the Cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
Why should I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God ?

3 Should I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease?
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail thro' bloody seas?

4 Yes, I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see a triumph from afar,
And see it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all their armies shine
With robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN IX.

A true Christian's experience.

COME all ye saints and sinners near,
Come listen a while and you shall hear
The wonders of almighty grace,
Which set me free to sing his praise.

2 One glorious Jesus, from the sky,
He said to me as he pass'd by,
Awake, arise, depart and fly,
Go hence, or you will surely die.

3 Mine eyes he open'd to behold
The wonders I have never told;
Heaven and hell I thought I saw,
And my poor soul in ruin lay.

4 I hear'd of Jesus, who they say
Could wash a sinner's sins away :
But how to find him I did not know,
Nor how to meet with him below.

5 My flesh did war against my soul,
Temptation did me much controul ;
The weeping saints I could not slight,
Who sought their Jesus day and night.

6 The scandal of his cross I see,
That scandal it would fall on me :
But still I thought I did behold,
I wanted Jesus more than gold.

7 I laid me down to take my rest,
Bemoaning of my dreadful case :
I thought I would for mercy wait,
But then I fear'd I'd come too late.

8 I little tho't he'd been so nigh :
His speaking made me smile and cry ;
He said I'm come to you, my love,
I have a place for you above.

9 This glorious news I did believe,
My sins and sorrows did me leave :
My soul enraptur'd in his love,
In hopes to go with him above —

10 There for to set and sing and tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
While we shall join in songs divine,
To praise him all his saints combine.

H Y M N. X. S. M.

An Evening Hymn.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;

1 O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN XI. C. M.

A Hymn for young Converts.

METHINKS I hear my saviour call;
His pleasant voice doth say,
"From tents of ease, and sin, and thrall,
"My fair one come away."

2 God's spirit doth his saints adorn
Like clusters on the vine;
O 'tis a bright and glorious morn,
To see their graces shine.

3 Dear Saviour, here I panting lie,
And long to see thy face;

O Lord, I pray do not deny
A visit of thy grace.

4 Dear Saviour come, sweet Jesus come,
I long to hear thy voice ;
Jesus ride on thy pow'r assume,
And make thy saints rejoice.

5 How long shall that bright hour delay ?
When will my Lord appear
I long to see that happy day
When Jesus will draw near.

6 O how I long to take my flight,
My soul is on the wing ;
I long to see my heart's delight,
And be with Christ, my King.

7 Most gracious King, I love thy name,
I long for to adore,
I long to found thy gracious fame,
Upon the blissful shore.

8 Then let my soul absorbed be,
While God doth me surround,
As a small drop in the vast sea
Is lost and can't be found.

9 I long thy coming to behold,
Then shall thy saints adore ;
My ardent wishes can't be told,
So I can say no more.

H Y M N XII. C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !

When will my sorrow have an end ?
Thy joys, when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl ;
Thy streets are pav'd with Gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
My study long have been :
Such sparkling light, by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus, glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence !

5 Reach down reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregatiōn ne'er breaks up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesu's my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethrén here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet no more to part,
And heav'n shall ring with praise :
While Jesu's love in every heart
Shall tune the song, free-grace.

9 Millions of years around me run,
Our song shall still go on ;
To praise the father and the son,
And spirit three in one.

10 When we've been there a thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

H Y M N. XIII. L. M.

The Heavenly Lover.

HE dies, the heavenly lover dies,
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings deep he lies,
In the cold caverns of the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man !
But lo ! what sudden joys I see,
Jesus the dead, revives again !

4 The rising God forsakes his tomb,
Up to his father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Then children's children praise your God
Thou' now in sorrow much bow'd down,
You soon shall walk the golden streets
Where you will wear a starry crown.

6 We'll praise King Jesus thro' the skies
 Sing glory, glory, round the throne ;
 We'll mount aloft on eagles' wings—
 We'll take our flight and flee away.

7 I'm glad I ever saw the day,
 I came to preach, and sing, and pray ;
 There's glory, glory, in my soul,
 This makes me praise my Lord so bold.

8 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly ;
 Sing glory, glory, thro' the air,
 Meet all my father's children there.

9 There on Mount Zion I shall stand,
 Crown on my head and harp in hand ;
 There spend a long eternity
 In praising on the heavenly key.

HYMN XIV.

CHRIST'S *Invitation.*

COME brethren and sisters that love my dear
 Lord,
 I pray give attention and ear to my word ;
 What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see,
 What a tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me

2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,
 I tho't that in torments I soon should be cast,
 No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
 Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 Oh sinner ! said Jesus, for you I have di'd
 All glory to Jesus, my soul then reply'd :
 The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,
 The blood was applied, the witness and voice

4 On my low bending knees before God I did fall,
And glory to Jesus, for he's all and all ;
The heart of his rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven and peace upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;
Your sins are forgiven, my favour did say—
Oh ! witness kind heaven, on this my birth day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing at length I have found,
Oh Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy
charms,
Let me die like Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

H Y M N XV.

Christian under Darkness.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see,
Sweet prospect, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

2 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December is pleasant as may.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should view him always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear.

No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign ;
No changes of seasons or place
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While bless'd with a sense of his love
A palace of joy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Lord if I indeed now am thine
And thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine,
And why is my winter so long ?

O drive those dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high
Where winter and clouds are no more.

H Y M N XVI C. M.

The peace of a young Christian's Life and death.

BLEST door of bliss to weary saints,
Thou art, grim death, become ;
Secure'd as in a cabinet,
Their dust is in the tomb.

2. By death they enter to those joys
Prepar'd for them above ;
There they are ever swallow'd up
In endless life and love.

3. O ! there they see as they are seen,
With clear unclouded views :

O ! there they hear of nothing else,
But joyful glorious news.

4 Anthems of joy and praise are there,
With hallelujahs sung :
Who would be fond of this vain world,
This dross, this dirt, this dung ?

5 The saints forever do behold
Their dearest Jesus' face ;
There always they admiring are
Eternal boundless grace.

6 They're in the house not made with hands,
In heaven eternally
They dwell, and with the rays of Christ
They shine most gloriously.

7 They're fre'd from labor, sorrow, sins
From 'cumbrance, peril, pain ;
Then we shall find what'er we did
For Christ, was not in vain.

8 Now heaven's work is here begun,
The work of singing praise—
The work and will of God in Christ,
Which there will last always.

H Y M N XVII.

The Weary Traveller

COME all ye weary trav'lers,
Now let us join and sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus our great King.
We've had a tedious journey,
And t'is some 'tis true ;

But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin.

The world, the flesh and satan
Would prove a fatal snare,
Unless we did reject them
By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander,
In a dark wilderness ;
Where we might long have fainted
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruit of Canaan,
Give life, and joy, and peace—
Revive our drooping spirits,
And love and strength increase,
To confess our Lord and master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land.

5 With faith, and hope, and patience
We're made for to rejoice ;
And Jesus and his people
For ever are our choice.
In grace and consolation
We now are going on
The pleasing way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6 Sinners, why stand you idle,
While we do march along ;
Has conscience never told you
That you're going wrong,
Down the broad road to Darkness
To bear an endless curse ?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come and go with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell ;
We're on the road to Canaan
And you the road to hell ;
We're sorry for to leave you,
We'd rather you would go ;
Come try a bleeding Saviour,
And see the waters flow.

8 Now to the King Immortal
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service
We long to spend our days,
Till we arrive at Canaan
The celestial world above,
With everlasting wonder
To praise redeeming love.

H Y M N XVIII. L M.

The enjoyments of Heaven.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place ;

C

No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes—
No cares to break our long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred light, eternal noon.

HYMN XIX.

A morning Hymn.

NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, we would be thine to day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Banish every doubt and fear ;
In thy vine-yard Lord to-day
We would labor, we would pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Rising up and sitting down,
Going out and coming in
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O ! receive us then at last :
Labor then will all be o'er
Night of sin will be no more.

HYMN XX. L. M.

A Hymn for Baptism.

COME ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey his sacred word ;
He di'd and rose again for you ;
What more could the Redeemer do.

2 We to this place are come to shew ;
What we to boundless mercy owe ;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

3 Eternal spirit, heav'nly dove,
On these baptismal waters, move :
That we, thro' energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

HYMN XXI.

On the swiftness of Time.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years
Fly rapid, like the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole :
Time, like a tide, its moment keeps,
Till I shall launch these boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen ;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man ! remember this,
Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die !

3 My soul attend the solemn call ;
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast extensive blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 Eternal bliss, eternal woe
Hangs on this inch of time below
On this precarious breath ;

The God of nature only knows
Whether another year shall close
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,
I may be bury'd under ground,
And, there in silence rot !
Alas ! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months may roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6 But shall my soul be then extinct,
Or cease to live, or cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be ;
Thou my immortal, cannot die
What wilt thou do, or whither fly
When death shall set thee free ?

7 Will mercy then its arm extend
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heav'n thy dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear
To drag thee down to dark despair,
Beyond the reach of grace ?

8 A heaven or hell or these alone,
Beyond this mortal life are known—
There is no middle state ;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O ! do not pass this life in dreams,
Vast is the change, what'er it seems,
To poor unthinking men ;
Lord, at thy foot-stool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now,
What it will tell me then,

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose that better way,
Which leads to joys on high ;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live.
Such as I dare not die.

HYMN XXII. S. M.

A prospect of Christ's Church.

B EHOLD a lovely vine,
Here in this desert ground ;
The blossoms shoot and promise fruit,
And tender grapes are found.

2 Its circling branches rise,
And shade the neighboring lands ;
With lovely charms she spreads her arms,
With clusters in her hands.

3 This city can't be hid,
It's built upon a hill :
The dazzling light it shines so bright
It doth the vallies fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
And stars with sparkling light—
Ye christians hear, both far and near,
'Tis joy to see the sight.

5 Ye insects, feeble race,
And fish that glide the stream—
Ye birds that fly secure on high,
Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Ye beasts that feed at home,
Or roam the vallies round,

With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
And join the pleasant sound,

7 Shall feeble nature sing,
And man not join the lays?
O may their throats be swell'd with notes,
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace;
The blessed Dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

HYMN XXIII. L. M.

The Christian's Invitation and Determination.

COME now poor sinners, share a part,
And give the blessed Christ your heart.
Come, we will take you by the hand,
Come, go with us to Canaan's land.

2 Leave all your carnal loves and toys,
And seek with us those solid joys;
For soon in glory we shall rise,
And there enjoy the lasting prize.

3 But if with us ye will not go,
And seek this Jesus fad to know;
Then we must bid you all adieu,
For by his grace we'll him pursue.

HYMN XXIV. L. M.

The pressure of Sin.

THAT my load of sin was gone—
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see?

Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give the po w'r)
My heart were from it's sins releas'd:
O let me see that happy hour,
'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

5. Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Let not my Jesus long delay,
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come I pray.

HYMN. XXV. L. M.

The returning Penitent's Return.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

2. From my own works at last I cease
God that creates must seal my peace
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And all my fitness is despair.

3. Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin but cannot feel:
I cannot, till thy spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
 Thy gifts I only can receive ;
 Here then to thee I all resign ;
 To draw, redeem and seal is thine.

5 With simple truth to thee I call,
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;
 I wait the moving of the pool —
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 Make my infected nature pure ;
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour thyself into my heart.

H.Y.M.N. XXVI. S. M..

Hymn for Baptism.

1 LET heav'n and earth rejoice,
 And sacred anthems raise,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For free and sov'reign grace..

2 Behold the spotless Lamb,
 Descending from above,
 To bring the earthly strangers home,
 Upon the wings of love..

3 O may our souls rejoice,
 His precepts to obey ;
 Who to fulfil all righteousness,
 Mark'd out the humble way..

4 Thus Jesus did descend,
 Into the liquid stream ;
 Which teaches sinners not to scorn,
 What him so well became..

5. O may we then march on,
Nor fear what men shall say ;
Deny ourselves and take our cross,
Since Jesus leads the way.

6. We dare no longer stand,
As neutrals to thy cause ;
But by the help of grace, we'll yields
Obedience to thy laws.

7. Into the watery tomb,
We chearfully descend,
In token of our faith and love,
To our celestial friend.

8. Lord meet us here this day,
Who come to do thy will :
Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,
Thy promis'd grace fulfil.

9. Descend, O heavenly Dove,
And wing our souls away,
Up to that bright and happy shore
Of everlasting day.

10. This day I'll make my choice
To serve the Lord most high ;
Deny myself, take up the cross,
And do it chearfully.

H Y M N. XXVII. L. M.

P R A Y E R.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God design'd to give
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's prayer 'tis God indites,
He speaks as prompted from within,
The spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy interest there.

4 If pains afflict, if wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, if fears dismay,
If guilt dejects, if sins distress,
Thy remedy's before thee—pray.

5 It's prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou can't or can't not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on him thou can't not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his mercies must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN XXVIII. L. M.

Invitation to Sinners.

SINNERS obey the gospel word,
Haste to the support of your Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the father is to own,
And kiss his late returning Son;
Ready the loving saviour stands
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the spirit of his love,
Is now, the stony heart to move ;
T' apply and witness Jesus' blood
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps by which they praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then ye sinners, to the Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd :
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

6 O quit this world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesus' arms ;
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN XXIX. S. M.

CHRIST All-sufficient.

L ORD, whither shall I flee,
that I may be secure,
The law proclaims destruction near,
and thunders round me roar.

2 My guilty conscience speaks,
and tells me of my crime ;
How foolish I have spent my days,
and wasted all my time.

3 And satan he presents
that 'tis too late to pray ;
The time and means of grace are spent,
and I have lost my day.

4 Now horrors seize my mind,
with darkness and despair,
I must be driven from earth to hell,
to where the damned are.

5 These tho'ts distress my mind,
and I am fill'd with fear,
While I am held in hard suspence,
presumption and despair.

6 If I continue here
I certain shall be lost,
If I go back to sin again
damnation will be just.

7 I'll risk my 'ternal all—
I'll prostrate on the ground,
Dear Jesus, for one sovereign word,
to heal my mortal wound.

8 Unto thy feet I fall,
and sovereign mercy crave ;
Dear Jesus, thou and thou alone,
are able for to save.

9 And whilst the Lord delays,
my heart begins to break,
Yet suddenly some joys I feel
I hear a saviour speak,

10 "Cheer up for I have di'd,
"my precious blood is spilt ;
"Behold my flowing crimson stream,
"to wash away your guilt."

11 My fears and grief and guilt,
did instantly depart,
Strange and surprizingly I felt,
wrapt in my saviour's heart.

12 Strangely my state was chang'd,
and I began to sing,
All glory to the God of love,
who doth such sweetness bring.

13 I'll praise thee while I live—
I'll praise thee when I die—
I'll praise thee when I rise again,
and to eternity.

H Y M N . XXX.

The Christian's Enquiry.

1 TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle gives me pain,
If I knew a favour's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is darkness vain and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

7 Should I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhor'd
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord decide this doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
It indeed it be begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I'll pray :
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin this day.

H Y M N XXXI. L. M.

Hymn for close Public Worship.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are evil, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

3 O ! Let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine ;
And saints below and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.

H Y M N XXXII.

The Judgment Hymn.

THE great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.

2 But O my soul reflect and wonder !
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in Judgment shall appear.

3 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
Arise ye dead and come to Judgment !
Ye nations of this world around.

4 Loud thunders rumbling thro' the concave,
Bright forked lightnings part the skies ;
The heaven's a shaking, the earth a quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

5 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run,
The wheel of time stopt in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun.

6 Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling basis roar,
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frighted shore.

7 Green turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble
Give up their dead both small and great,
See the whole world both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the Judgment seat,

8 See Jesus on the throne of Justice
Come thund'ring down the parted skies,
With countles's armies of shining angels,
With hallelujahs, shout for joy.

9 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousands suns outshine ;
Behold him coming in pow'r and, glory,
To meet him all his saints combine,

10 Go forth ye heralds with speed like lightning
Call in your saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood from hell hath ransom'd
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

11 O come ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love ;
Receive the crowns of life and glory
Which are laid up for you above.

12 For you dear souls which have continu'd,
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forevermore.

13 There's flowing fountains of living water,
No sickness, pain, nor death to fear ;
No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance here.

14 But how will sinners stand and tremble,
When justice calls them to the bar ;
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

15 See justice now with indignation,
Calling aloud for sinner's blood ;
Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
And crucify'd the son of God.

16 Depart from me ye cursed sinner
My face you never more shall see :
Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
To endless woe and misery.

17 Each guilty soul then struck with horror
And anguish throbbing in their breasts,
Forever doom'd to endless sorrow,
And never more to hope for rest.

18 Come sinners here's a faithful warning,
Return to Jesus while you may ;
For he is ready to forgive you,
Or else you must depart away.

HYMN XXXIII.

GETHSEMANE.

GREAT high priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast ;
In the garden groaning, drooping
To the ground, with sorrow press.

2 Weeping angels stood confounded,
To behold their maker thus :
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us !

3 On the Cross thy body broken,
Cancels every penal tye,
Tempted souls produce the token
All demands to satisfy.

4 All is finish'd do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord,
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.

5 Lord we fain would trust thee solely,
 'Twas for us thy blood was spilt ;
 Praised bridegroom, take us wholly,
 Take and make us what thou wilt.

6 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
 Past, on man's devoted race ;—
 True belief and true repentance,
 Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

H Y M N XXXIV. C. M.

The true Penitent.

HARK ! here the sound on earth is found,
 My soul delights to hear
 Of dying love, that's from above,
 Of pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers like flames of fire
 Are passing thro' the land,
 The voice is here "repent and fear,
 " King Jesus is at hand."

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
 They're mounted on the truth ;
 The saints in pray'r cry Lord draw near,
 Have mercy on the youth.

4 Young converts sing and praise their king,
 And bless God's holy name ;
 Whilst older saints, true penitents
 Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grant a shower of his great pow'r
 On every aching heart,
 Who sincerely to God do cry,
 That they may have a part.

6 Come lovely youth, embrace the truth
 Agree with one accord,

And use your tongues while you are young,
In praising of the Lord.

HYMN XXXV. L. M.

A hymn for a young Convert.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain woud they be with Christ above.

2. With admiration they behold
The love of Christ that can't be told,
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3. They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And satan is cast down to hell.

4. They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heav'ly arches ring—
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5. But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel,
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in satan's chain.

6. The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night;
Their hearts that did with music sing
Are now untun'd in ev'ry string.

7. O! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast?

Why didst thou think to fly away
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,
Come gird on harness, sword and shield,
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When satan comes to tempt your minds
Then meet him with these blessed lines—
For Christ our Lord has swept the field
And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN XXXVI.

Christ's invitation to his Spouse.

ARISE my dear love, my undefil'd dove,
I here my dear Jesus to say,
The winter is past, the spring's come at last,
My love, my dove come away.

2 The earth that is green is fair to be seen,
The little birds chirping do say,
That they do rejoice in each other's voice,
My love, my dove come away.

3 All smiling in love the young turtle dove,
The flowers appearing in May,
All speak forth the praise of th' ancient of days,
My love, my dove come away.

4 Come away from th' worlds cares, those trou-
blesome snares
That follow you night and by day—
That you may be free from the troubles that be
My love, my dove come away.

5 Come way from all faer that troubles you here
Come into my arms he doth say,

That you may be clear from the troubles you
fear—

My love, my dove come away.

6 Come away from all pride, from that raging
tide.

That makes you fall out by the way—

Come learn to be meek and your Jesus to seek,

My love, my dove come away.

7 As t' you that are old, and whose hearts are
grown cold,

Your Jesus inviting doth say—

That he's heard your cries in the north coun-
tries,

My love, my dove come away.

8 As t' you that are young, your hearts they are
strong;

Your Jesus invites you away ;
From antichrist's charms to your Jesus' kind
arms,

My love, my dove come away.

9 And as to the youth that have known the
truth,

Whose hearts they have led you astray,
Come hear to his voice and your hearts shall re-
joice,

My love, my dove come away.

10 My dear children all come here to my call,

Behold I stand knocking and say—

My head's wet with dew my children for you

My love, my dove come away.

11 Littlelings are kill'd my table is fill'd

My maidens attending doth say—

There's wine on the lees as much as you please,
My love, my dove come away.

12 Come travel the road that leads you to God,
For it is a bright shining way ;
Come run up and down my errands upon,
My love, my dove come away.

H Y M N XXXVII. L. M.

The UNION.

FROM whence doth this Union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above,

4 O ! why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
A distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign
And all his bought glory shall see

Singing hallelujah, amen;
Amen, even so let it be.

H Y M N. XXXVIII.

CHRIST's Resurrection..

CHRIST our Lord is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy way—
Who so lately on the cross,
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

2 In our paschal joys and feast,
Let the Lord of life be blest,
Let the holy three be prais'd,
And to heav'n our songs be rais'd.

3 Christ our Lord is ris'n to day ;
Christ our light, our life, our way,
The object of our love and faith,
Who by dying conquer'd death.

4 The holy martyrs early came
To weep o're their Saviour's tomb ;
Two bright angels did appear,
Who said Jesus is not here.

5 Where is he, O tell us where,
His bless'd residence declare ;
Jesus seek among the dead,
Far from these dark regions fled.

6 First the sacred place behold
That did your dear Lord unfold ;
Bless your eyes and raise your voice,
In songs of praises we'll rejoice.

7 Hast ye females from the fight,
Make to Galilee your flight,

And to his disciples say,
Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day.

8 Heralds of our joy to you,
Graetful thanks and love is due ;
With songs to God and praises high,
We'll together magnify.

9 The cross is past, the crown is won,
The ransom paid and death's sting's gone ;
Let us feast, and sing, and say,
Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day

HYMN XXXIX.

CHRIST'S Sufferings.

THRO'OUT our Saviour's life we trace
Nothing but shame and deep disgrace ;
No per'od else was seen ,
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see
My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
For this I'll him adore :
Siezd with a chilly sweat thro'out,
Blood drops did force their passage out
Thro' ev'ry opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see !
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game ;

At length his cross they rear—
And can you see the mighty God
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load
Without one thankful tear?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies with anguish on the tree!

What tongue his grief can tell?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads decline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine
When the redeemer fell.

6 Shout brethren, shout with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine
To quench our parching thirst:
Seraphs advance your voices high'r,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

H Y M N XL. C. M.

On BAPTISM.

IN the Lord's word left on record,
Expressly it is said,
They did repair where solemn prayer
Was wont for to be made.

2 In pleasure sweet here we do meet,
Down by the water side,
And here we stand by Christ's command,
To wait upon his bride.

3 Now we will sing to Christ our King,
Our souls shall give him thanks,
Who came to Jordan unto John,
And went down Jordan's bank.

4 With one accord we'll bless the Lord,
Who in his word doth say,

That he that di'd he was baptiz'd
And marked out the way.

5 Now we do tell our friends farewell,
To practice his commands ;
It is the road that leads to God,
The way to Canaan's land.

6 Our King did stand and give command,
Who sent his servants forth,
To call to all of Adam's fall
They went from south to north

7 Ye sinners all come hear the call,
His loving truth embrace,
That you may stand on Canaan's land
And see him face to face.

8 That all may join in hearts combine,
And lift his name on high ;
That all may sing to Christ our King,
A long eternity.

H Y M N XLI. C. M.

A Son's farewell.

1 HEAR the gospel's joyful sound,
An organ I shall be,
For to sound forth redeeming love,
And sinner's misery.

2 Honor'd parents fare you well,
My Jesus doth me call.
I leave you here with God until
I meet you once for all.

3 My due affections I'll forsake,
My parents and their house,
And to the wilderness betake,
To pay the Lord my vows.

4 Then I'll forsake my chiefest mates
That nature could afford,
And wear the shield into the field,
To wait upon the Lord.

5 Then thro' the wilderness I'll run,
Preaching the gospel free ;
O be not anxious for your son,
The Lord will comfort me.

6 And if thro' preaching I shall gain
True subjects to my Lord,
Twill more than recompence my pain,
To see them love the Lord.

7 My soul doth wish mount Zion well,
What'er becomes of me ;
There my best friends and kindred dwell,
And there I long to be.

H Y M N . XLII.

Hymn for the Lord's Supper.

1 JESUS once for sinners slain,
From the dead was rais'd again,
And in heav'n is now sat down,
With his father on the throne.

2 There he reigns a king supreme,
We shall also reign with him ;
Feeble souls be not dismay'd,
Trust in his Almighty aid,

3 He has made an end of sin,
And his blood has wash'd us clean ;
Fear not, he is ever near,
Now, e'en now he's with us here.

4 Thus assembling, we by faith,
Till he come, show forth his death;
Of his body, bread's the sign,
And we drink his blood in wine.

5 Bread thus broken aptly shows :
How his body God did bruise,
When the grape's rich blood we see,
Lord, we then remember thee.

6 Saints on earth and saints above,
Celebrate his dying love,
And let ev'ry ransom'd soul,
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN XLIII.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

COME ye sinners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r ;
He is able, he is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh ;
Without money, without money, without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel your need of him ; [you,
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives
'Tis the spirit's rising beams.

4 Come ye weary heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the
righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden,
Lo your maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd,
Sinners will not this suffice ?

6 Lo th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude,
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ?
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN XLIV. L. M.

The condescending Love and Mercy of God
fallen man's redemption.

GOD's pow'r and wisdom is display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made
But more his mercy and his grace,
In saving fallen Adam's race.

L. 2

2 The matchless grace and love of God,
Appears in shedding of his blood,
For poor apostate Adam's seed,
Was condescending love indeed.

3 How could th' Lord, the great creator
Consent t' be a feeble creature,
And leave his glorious realms of bliss,
To sojourn in this wilderness ?

4 That God who heav'n and earth did frame,
Who counts the stars and calls their name,
He, for our sakes, did stoop so far,
As to become a carpenter.

5 He veil'd his Godhead with our flesh,
And underwent a human birth ;
Full thirty years both night and day,
He bore our heavy load of clay...

6 O ! was not this a heav'n's wonder,
He suffer'd weariness and hunger ?
In all the works his hands had made,
Could find no where to lay his head.

7 But this was nothing what he felt,
He bore our load of sin and guilt ;
By imputation he was then
The greatest sinner of all men.

8 Methinks I heard his father say,
" The utmost farthing you shall pay :
" My injur'd justice must have right,
" I can't abate one single mite.

9 " Since you espouse the sinner's cause,
" You must fulfil my righteous laws ;
" Altho' you are my darling son,
" I will have right and justice done."

10 Hark! how the Saviour then reply'd ;
" Since justice must be satisfy'd,
" I am your most obedient son ;
" My father let thy will be done ! "

11 " I give myself into thy hands,
" Let justice have its full demands ;
" If all my blood will pay the debt,
" Man sha'n't be lost for want of that,

12 " If that my life will but atone
" For the offence that man has done,
" I freely will resign my breath
" To save their precious souls from death."

13 Amidst his sorrows for a space,
His father hid his smiling face,
Which did extort such bitter cries
As fill'd all nature with surprize.

14 Those piercing words *Eli, Eli,*
Likewise *Lama Sabacthani !*
Which our expiring Lord did speak,
They made the universe to shake.

15 Well might the sun its glory veil
And ev'ry thing in nature fail
And blush, had they but eyes to see
Their maker hanging on a tree,

16 What adamantine hearts of stone
Could hear our saviour's dying groan,
And not lament in any shape,
Except some hard'ned reprobate ?

17 How could the spotless lamb of God
Consent to spill his precious blood
To save a stubborn guilty wretch ?
Twas love indeed without a match !

18 O ! what is sin that spawn of hell ?
 Its dreadful nature who can tell ?
 No man on earth, nor Gabriel's tongue,
 Can e're express what sin has done.

19 God's grace and love to fallen man,
 Our human reach can never scan !
 An angel's tongue can say no more,
 It is a sea without a shore.

20 Arise ye stupid souls, and view
 What your dear Lord has done for you ;
 And spend the remnant of your days
 In striving to advance his praise.

21 The Father, Son and Spirit too,
 All praise and honor is their due,
 From spotless angels round the throne,
 And human creatures ev'ry one.

H Y M N . XLV. C. M.

*The truly enlightened soul in the valley of humiliation,
 - humbly resigned at the foot of a sovereign GOD.*

THE man that views his guilt and sin
 With clear enlight'ned eyes,
 He sees how vile a wretch he's been,
 And down in dust he lies.

2 With humble, low submision 'tis
 His soul is brought to say,
 That God the sov'reign potter is,
 And he but worthless clay.

3 His views are just and adequate,
 He sees it would be right
 If God should fix his future state
 In black, eternal night.

4. He gives it in both free and frank,
His all he then resigns,
He's willing now to sign a blank,
And God should write the lines,

5. But yet he can't despair of grace,
He wrestles with his God,
And begs his precious soul might taste
The merits of his blood.

6. He pleads the merits of the Lamb,
That his poor soul might live,
He can't be willing to be damn'd,
Such language he doth give.

7. "The souls condemn'd to endless flames,
" Blaspheme the God above,
" While heav'nly saints on highest strains,
" Do praise redeeming love.

8. "Should I be doom'd to endless woe,
" To burn forever more,
" I would never pay the debt I owe,
" Nor cancel all the score.

9. "Ten millions years in fire and smoke,
" Amidst the livid flames,
" Will gain no credit on the book,
" The debt is still the same.

10. "But if by Christ my soul is freed,
" He will my surety stand,
" And every mite will then be paid,
" Which justice can demand.

11. "If such a brand of fire as I
" Should now be pluck'd from hell,
" How would the winged seraphs fly,
" Such blessed news to tell.

12 "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

" What glory would redound ?

" How would the spotless heav'nly host,

" Their golden trumpets, sound ?

13 " Must I despair of future bliss,

" And so withdraw my suit ?

" No, God forbid, since mercy is,

" Thy darling attribute.

14 " My ardent cries shall still ascend,

" While I have power to speak,

" And it I perish in the end,

" I'll die beneath thy feet."

15 The man that's brought to such a case,

God won't his suit deny ;

But he will give him saving grace,

And lift his soul on high.

16 The one in three, and three in one,

All glory is their due,

From beings far above the sun,

And human creatures too.

H Y M N XLVI. C. M.

Views of Heavenly Glory.

NO pen can write that sweet delight,

Nor human tongue express ;

There's none believes, nor can conceive :

That joy and happiness.

2 That great degree now shewn to me,

Of future joy and peace ;

When they're reveal'd and not conceal'd,

My life doth almost cease,

1 Eternal songs of praise belong,
To Christ my saviour dear ;
And I must sing to Christ my king,
And honor him with fear.

2 When I sit down to view that crown
Laid up for me above,
To meditate and contemplate
On God's eternal love—

3 My soul doth leap to think how deep
My saviour's love hath been ;
I'm carry'd out in thoughts devout,
On things that are unseen.

4 This real view appears so true,
That Jesus is the man
That did agree with God for me,
Before the world began.

5 Lord when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air :
And all thy hosts travel this course
And meet together there ?

H Y M N. XLVII. C. M.

A prospect of Heaven.

1 WHEN God on high shall magnify
His everlasting love ;
And send for me to let me see
My heritage above—

2 Then I shall rise above the skies,
In praising God with songs ;
The Seraphs they'll shew us the way,
Where all the angels throng.

3 Then I shall shine in light divine,
More than the morning fair,
The Father, Son, and Spirit one,
And I'm a chosen heir.

4 There see and feel what they'll reveal,
With pleasure and delight ;
Then surely they'll their joys unveil,
And treasures infinite.

CONTINUED.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

LORD, when shall we mount up to thee
Upon the wings of grace,
And see thy bright and lilly white,
And ruddy, rosy face—

2 And be so near that we can hear
Thy ravishing sweet voice,
And talk with thee forever free
And in thy love rejoice.

3 And dwell above in flames of love,
Where heart and all shall melt—
Where love like streams and light like beams,
Through ages shall be felt.

4 Where thou art seen and I shall lean,
Forever on thy breast,
And dwell above in flames of love,
And be thy heav'nly guest.

5 Where heart and mind shall all be join'd
With thousands round thy throne,
And shall unite in sweet delight,
That now is quite unknown.

Spiritual Songs.

6 In that bright place where we thy face,
Shall see in glory shine,
And drink new wine, fresh from the vine,
And be forever thine.

7 Amen, amen the angels cry,
Salvation is his due ;
And we thro' all eternity,
His praises shall renew.

CONTINUED.

HYMN. XLIX. C. M.

WHEN we shall fly above the sky,
On wings like Noah's dove ;
And go from hence to those immense,
Transporting joys above.

2 Then the bridegroom will give us room,
And seats in heaven's courts ;
To feast on love with him above,
In ravishing transports.

3 There's glorious hosts and spotless ghosts,
Which guard my saviour's throne ;
And thousands more who kneel before,
Whose numbers can't be known.

4 Each seraphim that is within,
Has six bright glitt'ring wings,
Flying on twain while four remain
For veils and coverings.

5 There's seas of glass whose beauties pass
The glories of the sun ;
And streets of gold there to behold,
As bright as e'er a one.

F

6 There we shall see that fruitful tree,
 Which bears twelve times a year,
 Whose lovely fruit so sweetly suits
 All heaven's guests for cheer.

7 Glory to God the father be,
 Glory to God the son,
 Glory to God the holy ghost,
 Glory to God alone.

CONTINUED.

HYMN L. C. M.

MY heart is there I've no elsewhere,
 I feel those drops distil ;
 I long to fly to Christ on high,
 And there to drink my fill.

2 And there abide where rivers glide,
 And hear the angels sing ;
 And join myself in their behalf,
 Thus to adore my king.

3 When I at length get grace and strength
 To strike those heavenly notes,
 I'll praise him too as angels do,
 With their sweet warbling throats.

4 Amen, amen the angels cry,
 Salvation is his due,
 And we thro' all eternity,
 His praises will renew.

HYMN LI. C. M.

God's Love to his Saints.

MY God above with smiles of love,
 And blissful words will say,

1. "Those saints of mine did once incline,
" From my commands to stray.
2. "But Christ my son, my only one,
" Was wounded for their sins ;
" So for his sake I'll pity take,
" And make them welcome in.
3. "I'll make them heirs and give them shares,
" And they shall live with me ;
" I'll give them crowns instead of frowns,
" And joys eternally."
4. "I have a robe above this globe,
Which Jesus gave to me ;
" 'Tis clean and white, it's pure and bright,
And thus his gift was free.
5. "It cost him dear, but he was freer
Than I was to receive ;
And he's got more laid up in store
For all that will believe.
6. "If any those should want to know
Where Jesus gave me this,
And ask if he elected me,
Then I could tell them yes.
7. "If Christ made known unto his own,
What they'll receive at death,
There's not a saint but what would faint
And breathe their dying breath.

HYMN LII. C. M.

Longings for Heaven and Glory.

JESUS, I thirst and go I must,
I long to be above —

1 I long to sing to Christ my king,
Where oceans flow with love.

2 Ye happy souls that always roll
In love and joy and peace,
Which always run thro' God's dear son
Whose love will never cease.

3 You're blest I say, and you shall stay
With Jesus Christ above ;
And always swim along with him
In oceans full of love.

Glory to God the father be,
Glory to God the son,
Glory to God the holy ghost,
Glory to God alone.

H Y M N * LIII. C. M.

Invitation to hold out to the End.

1 MY children dear you now appear
Like blossoms on the trees ;
But you may blast and die at last
And wither by degrees.

2 You set out well, but let me tell
You not to run too fast,
Lest you should miss of endless bliss,
And happiness at last.

3 You know that then five out of ten,
Of virgins did prove fools ;
Why may not you be found so too,
If you take up their rules ?

4 I know full well, no tongue can tell
The numbers Christ will free ;

But there's but few to what that crew,
Of damned souls will be.

5 Come let us cry in agony,
And call on God aloud ;
Lest we get there in black despair,
Among that damned crowd—

6 Where devils are in black despair,
A burning in the fire—
Where they must lie eternally,
And never rise no higher.

7 How can you try so willingly
To cause God's love to cease ;
And slight his grace in such a case
Of your eternal peace.

8 How can you bear to take your share
In God's eternal wrath ;
And there to roar forevermore,
Thro' your indulgent sloth.

9 If you insist still to resist,
His curse shall on you fall,
Anathema Maranatha,
The Lord declare to all.

HYMN LIV. C. M.

The saint's happiness.

SURE God will say my children stay,
Here's all that you desire,
Come drink your fill just what you will,
What more can you desire.

2 O blessed day when God shall say,
"You are my chosen one ;

“ It was for you a chosen few,
“ Cost my beloved son.”

3 They have desir'd and have enquir'd,
How God's love came so vast ;
But they may pry eternally,
And loose their aim at last.

4 Lord, when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air ;
And all thy hosts travel this coast,
And meet together there.

H Y M N L V.

The soul in the exercise of faith.

YOU Saints of light that shine so bright,
Above the lofty skies,
Come sing aloud, since you're endow'd
With holy exercise.

2 My soul doth long to sing a song
Unto my Lord above ;
And there unite in sweet delight,
With all the saints in love ;

3 And spend away eternal day,
In lofty songs of praise,
And thus engage throughout the age,
Of everlasting days.

4 When I get grace and strength of face,
To strike those heav'ly notes,
I'll praise him too as angels do,
With their sweet warbling throats.

H Y M N L VI: C. M.

Christ's Coming to Judgment.

WHEN Christ shall rend from end to end
The regions of the air ;

And split the skies in twain likewise,
Then he'll himself appear.

2 Then he'll appear a drawing near
In armies broad and long ;
In rank and file ten thousand miles,
Methinks I see them throng.

3 Then he will tell the arch-angel
To blow the trumpet loud,
That all might hear both far and near,
And then you'll see them round.

4 Then he shall call both great and small,
The beggar and the drudge ;
The high, the low, the poor also,
To come before the Judge.

5 The sheep shall stand at his right hand,
But goats on his left side ;
Then he shall call both great and small
To have their cases try'd.

6 Then he will say " depart away,
" Ye goats go down to hell,
" And wander there in black despair,
" And bid all hope farewell."

7 But to the rest, " come up ye blest,"
My sweet redeemer'll say,
" And dwell on high with God and I,
" And sing my praise for aye."

HYMN LVII. C. M.

The love of Christ to his saints.

NOW who are they who dare to say,
I've been too kind to these ;

1 A right I have to damn or save,
If men will not believe.

2 Those robes they wear that shine so fair,
And dazzle like the sun,
I've kept above wrapt up in love ;
And angels ne'er had one.

3 Dear saints, but I was forc'd to die,
Or you must naked gone ;
They'er made for you, I know they'll do,
For I have try'd them on.

4 Lord, when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro the air ;
And all thy hosts travel this coast,
And meet together there.

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

At the meeting of Friends.

WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
Come let us now rejoice,
While we our saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful hearts and voice.

2 But O! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heav'nly dove,
His graces to diffuse abroad,
To warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see ;
Thy presence makes a heav'n most sweet,
When'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shews a heav'nly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell ;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then O ! dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile ;
Thy spirit's quick'ning influ'nce send,
And purge our hearts from guile.—

6 That at the close each one may say,
“ We meet not here in vain ;
“ For we have tasted heav'n to-day,
“ Nor could we more contain.”

H Y M N LIX. C. M.

At parting of Friends.

L ORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'ly grace ;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again :
Yet let thy special presence still,
With ev'ry one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;
Till we before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4 There void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in seraphic, endless strains,
Redeeming love admire.

5 All sin and sorrow, from each heart,
Shall then forever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.

6 And thus to all eternity,
Upon the heav'ly shore,

The great mysterious one in three,
Jehovah we'll adore.

HYMN LX. C. M.

A N O T H E R.

NOW, Lord, tho' we must part a while,
Upon the sacred road ;
Yet let thy face upon us smile,
And keep us close to God.

2 And if again on earth we meet,
Lord let us meet with thee ;
And let thy gracious presence sweet,
From bondage set us free.

3 This, only this we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode ;
That we with Christ and saints may have
Communion on the road.

4 For since our fellowship below,
Affords such joys and love,
We long its full extent to know
When we shall meet above.

5 And Lord, let this excite us on,
To keep the narrow way :
Till we shall meet around thy throne,
To spend an endless day.

6 Celestial dove, our souls inspire,
Maintain this flame of love ;
Till we shall meet that glorious choir,
Of worshippers above.

HYMN LXI. L. M.

Advice to youth, from Eccl. xii.

NOW is the time, O lovely youth,
To think on your creator God ;

Attend the words of sacred truth,
While in the day of youthful blood.

2 This is the only way to find,
The paths of peace and endless joy—
The way to store your youthful mind
With pleasure that will never cloy.

3 But if you foolishly delay,
And hearken to the tempter's breath,
To walk in the destructive way,
Till age comes on, or sudden death.—

4 O think what dreadful risk you run—
To hazard your immortal soul,
To be eternally undone,
And plung'd where endless sorrows roll.

5 Behold the wretch advanc'd in years,
And with his years grown old in sin;
No more repentance now appears,
Than when his life did first begin.

6 Lo still upon the horrid brink
Of everlasting wrath he goes;
Anon with horror down to sink,
Into the gulf of endless woes.

7 Young sinners then a warning take,
Now in your precious days of youth;
All flatt'ring vanities forsake,
And take th' advice of sacred truth.

H Y M N LXII. L. M.

A Hymn on the preciousness of Christ

THE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds,
How sweet the mention of his wounds.

How good, how excellently good
Is the dear name of Jesus' blood,

2 What makes it so to me; is this,
All that's in Christ my portion is;
I'm his and shall forever be,
And all he has is made to me.

3 O! What a great estate have I,
A heaven to all eternity;
I'm rich, the Lamb hath made me so,
Nor can I greater riches know.

4 O Law, I dread thy threats no more,
My saviour yonder paid the score;
His blood, I know has blotted all,
The hand against me on the wall.

5 The promises I glad look o'er,
And thankfully the Lamb adore;
For when he di'd he left his will,
And these his legacies reveal'd.

6 What did my saviour at his death,
To me, unworthy me bequeath;
His life, his death, his wounds and blood,
He left me when he went to God.

7 His new eternal testament
I read, and much sweet time is spent,
In searching every verse and line;
How much by Jesus' will is mine?

8 My dear testator will I bleis,
While wearing his pure right'ousness;
He di'd and left me this, I'll tell,
Or I had naked gone to hell.

9 His sacred name I'll still adore,
And praise my Jesus more and more;

My heart, my tongue his praise shall prove,
In earth below and heav'n above.

10 O ! the vast debt of love I owe,
My soul in time can ne'er bestow :
Eternity, it has no bound,
So let my praise to thee be found.

H Y M N LXIII. C. M.

On GRACE.

H EAVENLY thoughts create my song,
And set my soul on fire,
And glides my pleasing thoughts along,
To join the heav'ly choir.

2 While trav'ling thro' this desart land,
My weary soul shall rest ;
Guided by Jesus' gentle hand,
To lean upon his breast.

3 Here I will ease my burden'd mind,
And tell him all my grief ;
From Jesus' blood my soul shall find
The streams of sweet relief.

4 I'll lay me down within his arms,
And view his lovely face ;
As one o'ercome by sov'reign charms,
And lost in his embrace.

5 Here I'll behold with joy divine,
The springs of rising bliss,
And joy to see that Christ is mine,
And view that I am his.

6 The views of my dear bleeding King,
Strike an immortal flame :

Raptur'd with joy my soul shall sing
The praise of Jesus' name—

7 Shall sing like the redeemed throng,
Of my incarnate God ;
His love shall be my ceaseless song,
Who wash'd me in his blood.

8 High on the throne my Saviour reigns ;
Angels adore my King ;
In lofty, sweet Seraphic strains,
My Saviour's praise they sing.

9 There I'll adore my dying God,
And bow before his face ;
I'll sing of Jesus' wounds and blood,
And praise victorious grace.

10 Amidst th' eternal sacred true—
Among the starry plains,
My soul shall sing as angels do,
In sweet celestial strains.

11 The heav'nly flame shall still aspire,
Before my Saviour's Throne ;
His love shall feed the sacred fire,
To praise the holy one.

HYMN LXIV.

A soul's view : Or, partaking of the Lord's Supper.

THE table spread, my soul there spies
The victim bleeds, the Saviour dies,
In anguish on the tree !
I hear his dying groans ! I prove
His bleeding heart his dying love !
He di'd, my soul, for thee.

2 The table's spread—the royal food
Is Jesus' sacred flesh and blood,

A feast of love divine :

His bleeding heart ! his dying groans !
His sacred blood for sin atones—

Atones, my soul for thine.

3 The feast is spread with bleeding hands,
Bedew'd with blood, and lo, it stands

To fill the hungry mind ;

'Tis free, and whosoever will
May feast his soul, and drink his fill,
And grace and glory find.

4 Whilst at the table sits the King,
Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing;

With an immortal flaine ;

My Saviour's grace I'll still adore,
With joy I'll love him more and more,
And bless his sacred name.

5 O ! sacred flesh O solemn feast !

When Christ my Lord, the royal guest,

Is at his table found ;

This adds new glories to my joy—

It bids me sing and well I may;

It makes my bliss abound.

6 'Tis thus my soul by faith is fed,
On angel's food with living bread,

And manna from above—

On sacred flesh, on dying blood !

I feast till I am full of God,

And drink the wine of love.

7 It is an early antipast,

Of heav'nly bliss it is a taste,

A taste on earthly ground ;

If here so sweet—if here we prove
Seraphic joy—celestial love,
In heav'n what will be found?

H Y M N. LXV. P. M.

Redemption found in Jesus, under the idea of an anchor cast in a storm. Heb. iv. 19.

NOW I have found the ground, wherein
My soul's sure anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

2 Father thine everlasting grace,
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far ;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness—
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning finners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 By faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy and rest ;
'Tis here, when hell assaults I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast ;
Away sad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Tho' waves and storms go o're my head—
Tho' strength and health and friends be gone—
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead—
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn,
On thee my stedfast soul relies ;
Father thy mercy never dies.

5 Fix'd on this ground, I will remain,
Tho' my heart fail and flesh decay,

This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

6 What in thy love possess I not ?
 My star by night, my sun by day—
 My springs of life, when parch'd with drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay—
 My shield, my strength, my safe abode—
 My palace, Saviour and my God.

HYMN LXVI. L. M.

Gospel ministers' call, or commission.—From several scriptures.

THUS saith the Lord, your master dear,
 O ye, his servants, whom he sends
 To preach his gospel, far and near,
 E'en to the world's remotest ends.

2. " Go forth ye heralds in my name,
 " Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;
 " The glorious jubilee proclaim,
 " Where'er the human race is found.

3. " Convince a world of sinners blind,
 " And shew them where their danger lies ;
 " The broken hearted careful bind,
 " And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

4. " Be wise as serpents where you go,
 " Yet harmless as the peaceful dove ;
 " And let your whole deportment show,
 " That you're commission'd from above.

5. " And as you freely have receiv'd,
 " E'en so to others freely give ;

“ So shall your message be believ'd,
“ And many dying sinners live.”

6 “ Master, thy word we have obey'd
“ (Said Christ's sweet messengers of peace,)
“ And lo, the devils are dismay'd,
“ Trembling they flee before our face.”

7 Oh ! if I had an angel's voice,
And could be heard from pole to pole,
I would to all the list'ning world,
Proclaim thy goodness to my soul.

8 O happy servants of the Lord,
Who thus their master's will obey :
Immensely great is the reward,
They shall receive another day.

H Y N M LXVII. C. M.

Divine Fortitude.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?

2 Forbid it Lord that I should dread,
To suffer shame or loss ;
But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold ;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man ?

Behold thy heav'nly captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

5 O how my soul would up and run,
At this reviving word ;
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow thee my Lord.

6 For this let men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will ;
Lo, I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

7 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'r's resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

PAUSE.

8 I'll cheerfully take up the cross,
And follow thee my Lord ;
Submit to tortures, shame and loss,
At thy commanding word.

9 But this I promise to fulfil,
Through thy assisting grace,
For I'm pow'rless and a weak will,
I must with shame confess.

10 But let thy grace sufficient be,
In ev'ry time of need :
Then, Lord, I'll boldly fight for thee,
And ev'ry time succeed.

HYMN LXVIII. C. M.

The rich provision of the Gospel.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak :

Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying greek.

2. Wide as the reach of satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow ;
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.

4. Come all ye wretched sinners come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart, has room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is Almighty love,
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love ;
The heav'ns would ring while we should sing,
Thro' all the courts above.

H Y M N LXIX.

The Pilgrim's song.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As your journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod ;

They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Oh ! ye banish'd seed be glad,
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flocks and blest,
You on Jesus' arms shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There's your kingdom and reward.

5 O ! ye brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, obed'ently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N LXXX.

Celestial Watering.

S A VIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us Lord a gracious rain ;
All will come to dissolution,
Unless thou return again.

2. Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest for want of thy assistance,
Ev'ry plant will droop and die.

3. Surely once the garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green.

There thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fir'd with zeal and love and truth ;
Old professors tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.

6 Some in whom our souls delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants to sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nip'd them in the bud.

8 Dear Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
O ! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

9 Let our mutual love be fervant,
Make us prevalent in prayer,
Let each one esteem thy servant,
And shun the world's bewitching snare.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony hearts of flesh ;
And now begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN LXXI. L. M.

Wonders of Redeeming Love.

O NOW begin thy heav'nly theme,
Come sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Come you who Jesus' kindness prove,
Come triumph in redeeming love.

2 Come you, alas ! whoe'er have been,
The willing slaves of death and sin ;
Come now, from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, stop and taste redeeming love.

3 Come mourning souls dry up your tears,
And banish all your guilty fears ;
And see the guilt secure remov'd,
'Tis cancel'd by redeeming love.

4 Come welcome all by sin opprest,
Come welcome to this sacred rest ;
There's nothing bro't him from above,
Nothing but true redeeming love.

5 'Tis he subdues th' infernal pow'rs,
And his tremendous foes are ours ;
Our foes are from his empire drove,
He's mighty in redeeming love.

6 Come hither and your music bring,
Come strike aloud your joyful string ;
Come mortals join the praise above !
He's mighty in redeeming love.

7 Come you who live in Babylon,
Come hear the voice of Christ the son ;
Arise my fair one and my dove,
O come and taste redeeming love.

8 The angels that before him stand,
They go and come at his command ;
Tho' they are seated high above,
Never will taste redeeming love.

9 O surely happy now they be,
Our God and Christ they daily see,
They all in shining ranks there move,
But ne'er will sing redeeming love.

10 O ye bright angels it is true,
That I shall surely out-do you ;
When I shall reign with him above,
Then I shall sing redeeming love.

HYMN LXXII. C. M.

The Fair Mansions.

WE in this tabernacle mourn,
For immortality ;
Burden'd with sin we daily groan,
And long to be set free.

2 We view this world not as our home,
But sojourn in a vale ;
We seek a city yet to come,
Where joy shall never fail.

3 We have an house above the sky
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space ;
Where we shall dwell eternally,
To see our saviour's face.

4 Roll on, roll on our peaceful years,
And bring our souls to rest ;
Where troubles end and doubts and fear,
No more disturb our breast.

5 Then shall we bid a long farewell,
To all those fleeting things.

Our clay in earth we leave to dwell,
To mount on sacred wings.

6 Swifter than thought we soar on high,
Above those twinkling stars ;
Pass through the regions of the sky,
And all those rolling spheres.

7 The sun ere long will disappear,
And sinners feel their loss ;
While we ascend thro' yielding air,
And steer th' eternal course.

8 Now winged time is known no more,
Eternity begins !
Our souls have gain'd the heav'ly shore,
And view th' amazing scenes.

9 There songs begin to sound so sweet,
Our raptur'd souls on fire,
To bow around our Saviour's feet,
And join the heavenly choir.

10 Unnumber'd years shall gently roll,
And each increase their bliss ;
When God shall say unto each soul,
Come dwell where Jesus is.

11 Then will our blessed Jesus come,
And bid the dead arise ;
And call his weary'd children home,
To mansions in the skies.

12 Where sin and sorrow all shall cease,
And tears be wip'd away ;
And nothing shall disturb our peace,
To one eternal day.

H Y M N LXXIII. L. M.

Love to Jesus.

THEE will I love my Lord, my tow'r
 Thee will I love my joy, my crown;
 Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
 Of mind, and strength and heart alone.

2 Thee will I love, my joy, my throne,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
 Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
 Thy smiles, thy sceptre, or thy rod.

H Y M N LXXIV. L. M.

Praise to Redeeming Grace.

DIFFUSE thy beams and teach my heart,
 Now with genial warmth to glow;
 For lo! without thy heav'nly art,
 In vain my lofty numbers flow.

2 Magnificent, free grace arise,
 Outshine the tho'ts of shallow man;
 Sov'reign, preventing all divine,
 To him that neither will'd nor ran.

3 Grand is the bosom whence thou flow'd,
 Kind is the heart that gave thee vent;
 Rich as the gift that God bestow'd,
 Lovely and so like Christ he sent.

4 Grace by a righteousness doth reign,
 Wrought by the sacred life of God;
 Where sin is spoil'd, grace shall maintain
 Its right in Jesus' sacred blood.

5 Who counts the sands that bound the sea,
 Not half his sins can number o'er;

And ah ! what millions yet but see,
Grace hath ten thousand mercies more.

6 Infinite grace how full of God,
In ev'ry work of thine--there glows
New glories in thy sacred blood,
There life divine eternal flows.

7 We bowing sing thy death so strong
Which all our souls from death defends ;
Shout ye redeem'd--for here your song
Begins, and never--never ends.

H Y M N LXXV. L. M.

On eternal Love.

ETERNAL love the darling song,
Well pleasing to Jehovah's Ear ;
Attend ye sav'd, ye pardon'd throng ;
With all your graceful notes draw near.

2 'Tis yours to sing th' eternal date
Of love divine and how it moves
To helpless man ; with gladness great,
Sing loud, for God the song approves.

3 Hail Bethle'ém ! Hail that ruddy morn,
Whose rays adorn the infant God ;
Messiah, of a virgin born,
A God, a man to die in blood.

4 For us; salvation wide displays
Her ambient, refreshing wing ;
In Jesus' name, that love we'll praise
And all its peerless glories sing.

5 We sing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood that cries for peace.

Heav'n echoes back as pleas'd, in thee,
To shew its glories and its grace.

6 We sing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from sin ;
Who cannot taste the love that heals,
The sweets of conscience thus made clean.

7 Thy love, O Jesus is the theme,
The song of saints shall ever grow ;
All ages to the church proclaim,
How sweetly doth their numbers flow.

8 Here shall the guilty, who has lost
The Divine favour by his sin,
Find worth that he can safely trust,
A righteousness to glory in.

HYMN. LXXVI.

Guilt and distress, inseparable companions.

SIN is the fatal cause of woe,
The spring from whence our troubles flow,
Yet when we take a view
Of those who sin in ev'ry breath,
Yet feel no checks in life and death,
We scarce believe it true.

2 Thousands around seem highly bless'd,
Who treat religion as a jest,
A fable or a song ;
Down life's impet'ous stream they glide,
Favour'd with canvas, wind and tide,
And smoothly float along.

3 By pleasure's flow'ry bank they steer,
No troubles feel, nor can they fear,
But laugh, and sing, and play ;

Till deep they plunge in endless night,
Without one drop of sweet delight,
Or glimpse of op'ning day.

4 O ! sad exchange O wretched state !
Now they can feel (when 'tis too late)
What they have heard in vain ;
Despair and anguish dwell within,
The bitter, bitter fruits of sin,
And make them roar with pain !

5 Their groans emphatic, loud complain,
'Twas guilt that caus'd their guilt and shame,
And freely they confess,
The bitter pill was candy'd o'er,
'Twas all indulgence just before,
But now 'tis all distress.

6 More they would own—but I forbear,
And quit those regions of despair ;
And now would ask the saints,
" If guilt be harmless, tell me why
" Those trickling tears, that heaving sigh,
" And whence those sad complaints ? "

7 When sin, that viper, you caress,
Striking remorse and keen distress
Speedily makes you smart ;
'Tis that which hides the Saviour's face,
Incur's his frowns, suspends his grace,
And wounds you to the heart.

8 Then griefs like mighty torrents roll,
Till the poor agonizing soul
Lies bleeding on the rack ;
The round of duties trodden still,
But 'tis like laboring up a hill,
With mountains on thy back.

9 One guilty scene such anguish brings,
Clogs the poor soul, and clips its wings,
And drags it from the skies ;
'Till Jesus dress'd in love, appears,
Forgives the guilt, and wipes the tears.
From the beclouded eyes.

10 O christians ! never hope to meet,
In pleasures sinful, tasting sweet,
But bid them all adieu ;
Stings from forbidden pleasures grow.
At least my soul hath found it so,
And owns th' assertion true.

11 Restraining grace dear Jesus grant,
Make me like nature's noblest plant ;
And may my fear be such,
That when temptations lie in wait,
I may disdain the gilded bait,
And shrinking shun the touch.

HYMN LXXVII L. M.

The sinner's call rejected.

COME all who've spent your blooming days
In your own lusts, and satan's ways,
Bow down to God, confess your sin,
Lest you should never enter in.—

2 In thro' the gate that is on high,
Which leads to joys above the sky ;
Where all the saints their voices raise,
Rejoice and sing their maker's praise.

3 All who do wish to pass this gate,
Must walk upright and very straight ;
If you should miss this gate I know,
Down to a burning hell you'll go.

4 There endless sorrow, endless pain,
Without a hope of peace again;
Oh! then your aching souls will say,
" Why did we God so disobey?"

5 His hand was stretch'd forth all the day,
We cannot have one word to say;
For we have had many a call,
And we like fools rejected all.

6 One word of caution to the young,
Who never have God's praises sung;
Give up to Christ before's too late,
Or else in hell you'll have your fate.

7 Down with the hellish devils there,
Lock'd down in horror and despair,
But O! the formidable cries,
That fill the earth and reach the skies.

8 They turn their eyes to heav'n and see
Where all the righteous people be;
Look down into a gaping hell,
See where the devil's host doth dwell.

9 This heaven is a happy place,
Where all the people's fill'd with grace;
This hell it is a place of spite,
Where sorrows are that's infinite.

10 Come mind the words which I have penn'd;
Lest down to hell God should you' fend;
The place I will describe once more,
'Tis where the devils always roar.

H Y M N LXXVIII. C. M.

An invitation to sin-sick souls to come to Jesus for relief.

COME sinners, now approach your God,
With new melod'ous songs;

Behold the treasures of his blood
Have cleans'd a num'rous throng.

2. See Jesus stands with open arms,
Inviting you to come ;
Hear how his meray sweetly charms,
And tells you there is room.

3. But hark ! methinks I hear you say,
" I'm an unworthy soul—
" I've sinn'd my day of grace away,
" I hear his thunders roll.

4. " My sins are of a crimson dye,
" And I'm a captive led ;
" Can such a sinful soul as I,
" Be from this bondage free'd ?

5. " Now I deserve the lowest hell.
" Who spurn'd his offer'd grace ;
" And tempting others to rebel,
" Provok'd him to his face."

6. Stop, trembling soul, and hear me tell,
The wonders of his love ;
He snatch'd me from the brink of hell,
And rais'd my soul aboye.

7. Hark ! hear the blessed Jesus say,
" Poor soul, you need not doubt ;
" The soul that will come unto me,
" I'll in no wise cast out."

8. If ever any trembling soul,
That unto Jesus come,
Had e'er been banish'd or cast off,
I must have been the one.

9. But God has mercy yet in store,
For all that will believe;
You need not fear because you're poor,
That he will you deceive.

10 Come now and take him at his word,
He will not angry be;
Put your whole trust in Christ the Lord,
And he will set you free.

HYMN LXXIX. L. M.

The soul's confidence in God's faithfulness.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
Who knows neither measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first, and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN LXXX. L. M.

Buy the truth, and sell it not.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are;
More worth than gold and silver coin;
O! may it always in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty.

From sin and satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign;

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed—
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O! happy they who in their youth,
Are brought to know and love the truth ;
For none but they whom truth makes free,
E'er can enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair ;
And never let it once be told,
The truth by us was ever told.

HYMNE LXXXII C. M.

The happy Man.

HAPPY the man whose will is bow'd
And spirit duly aw'd—
Who is resin'd in heart and mind,
Unto the will of God.

2 Happy the man that humble is,
And doth not one disdain,
That ne'er envies nor doth despise
None of his fellow men.

3 Happy the man that wears Christ's yoke,
And has a lowly mind ;
Who is not easily provok'd,
Great peace then he shall find.

4 Happy the man that is not mov'd,
With all the ups and downs
Of this vain world, but lives above
Its flatteries and frowns.

5 Happy the man that's wing'd with faith,
Whose heart is fir'd with love—
Who ran and fled to take the prize,
That is laid up above.

H Y M N LXXXII. L. M.

The name of Christ, most sweet.

1 THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth doth always meet—
Where right'ousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets the sinner's need,
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark ! don't you hear the heav'nly call,
It soundeth loud, it is to all—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say, "tis not for me."

4 "Ho ! ev'ry one that thirsts (he cries)
"Here's wine and milk, and large supplies
"Come now to me and drink your fill,
"Tis free for whosoever will.

4 "Come now receive, I ask no pay,
"But freely give it all away,
"To all that do my word believe,
"And freely now my grace receive."

H Y M N LXXXIII.

God blessed for all things.

BLESSED be God for all,
For all things here below,

For pain, and grief, and joy, and thrall;
To my advantage grow.

2 Blessed be God for shame,
For slander and disgrace,
Welcome reproach for Jesus' name,
Like flint, Lord set my face.

3 Blessed be God for loss,
For loss of earthly things ;
For ev'ry scourge and ev'ry cross,
Me nearer Jesus brings.

4 Blessed be God for want,
For want of health and food ;
I live by faith and scorn to faint,
For all things work for good,

5 Blessed be God for pain,
Which tears my flesh like thorns ;
It crucifies my carnal mind,
To God my soul returns.

6 Blessed be God for doubts,
Which he hath overcome ;
My soul in full assurance shouts
Of being soon at home.

7 Blessed be God for fears,
Of sin and death and hell ;
When Christ who is my life appears,
In glory I shall dwell.

8 Blessed be God for friends,
Blessed be God for foes ;
Blessed be God whose gracious ends
No finite creature knows.

9 Blessed be God for life,
Blessed be God for death,
Blessed be God for joy and grief ;
I welcome all thro' faith.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Christ the all-sufficient Saviour.

1 AM that I am,
faith Christ the dear Lamb,
What think ye, O sinners,
of this wond'rous name ?

2 If now you enquire
with earnest desire
And say O to know him
our hearts are on fire—

3 My master replies,
I am will suffice
Thy wants, O poor sinner,
who unto him flies.

4 I am to the blind
the light of their mind ;
And feet to the cripple,
and strength shall they find.

5 If sin is thy grief,
I am thy relief ;
A Saviour I am, to
poor sinners the chief.

6 O sinners, give ear,
what fulness is here ?
O ! who would not come to
a Saviour so dear.

7 He saw, from his throne,
poor sinners undone ;
And their lives to ransom,
he gave up his own.

8 He came from above
the cause to remove ;
And yet shall we slight such
unspeakable love ?

9 If we like the jews,
his kindness refuse,
'Tis plain that destruction
we wilfully chuse.

10 But O ! ye oppress'd,
whom sin hath distress'd,
Come, come unto Jesus,
and you shall have rest.

11 Methinks one doth cry,
“ such sinner am I,
I dare not, I dare not
to Jesus draw nigh.”

12 Christ answers again,
“ thy doubting refrain ;
Come, come unto me, and
I'll purge ev'ry stain.

13 “ What'er is thy case,
come now and embrace
My purchas'd salvation,
and thou shalt have peace.”

HYMN LXXXV.

The wandering Pilgrim.

WAND'ring Pilgrims, Mourning, Christians
Weak and wepted lambs of Christ,

Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd ;
Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast ;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case ;
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace ;
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days,
Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
Till the troubled waters move ;
If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk ;
Jesus, Jesus he will cleanse you,
Rise take up your bed and walk.

4 If like Peter you are sinking,
In the sea of unbelief ;
Wait with patience, always praying,
Christ will send you sweet relief ;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supply'd,
Cana'n, Cana'n lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guard you thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send a heav'nly comfort,
To convey you to his home ;

There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from ev'ry want and care ;
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Eain my spirit would be there.

HYMN. LXXXVI.

The Heavenly Courtier.

LET Christ the glor'ous lover,
Have everlasting praise ;
He comes for to discover
The riches of his grace—
He comes to wretched sinners,
To woo himself a bride ;
Resolving for to win her
And will not be deny'd.

2 Unwilling she discovers
Herself for to deny,
To cast away her pleasures
And lay her honors by—
To part with every notion
That puffs her up with pride,
And take him for her portion,
And be his loving bride,

3 He calls aloud unto her,
“Pursue your ways no more ;”
She thinks it will undo her,
To part with all her store ;
She willingly refuses
To yield unto his will,
And in her heart she chuses
Her former lovers still.

4 She bolts the door upon him,
And bids the Lord depart ;
She will not serve his honor,
Nor let him have her heart.

Yet Jesus loves the sinner,
And will not leave the door,
But cries "oh wretched creature !
" Reject my grace no more.

5 " Behold my matchless fulness !
" Arise and let me in ;
" How can you be so cruel ?
" To bar your heart with sin ?
" If calls and invitation,
" Will not excite your love,
" Prepare for condemnation,
" For I will not remove."

6 He then displays his yow'r,
By an almighty word ;
He threatens to devour,
And shews a flaming sword :
She now begins to tremble
At what she sees and hears ;
And fain she would be humble,
And wash her crimes with tears.

7 She does not yet discover
The filth of her in-side ;
She thinks the Lord will love her,
And take her for his bride ;
But like refiner's fire,
He searches every part ;
Conviction rises higher,
She feels a troubled heart.

8 She now begins to languish,
And none can her relieve,
Her heart is full of anguish,
To find she can't believe.
Her hopes are now departed,
And left her full of woe,

With all the broken hearted,
She cries what shall I do ?

9 But Jesus has compassion,
Still moving in his breast,
Intends to give salvation,
Unto the souls distress'd ;
One glimpse of love and pow'r,
Makes her forget her pain,
She cries, oh ! happy hour,
Is this the lovely Lamb ?

10 Is he whom I rejected,
Stoop'd down to me so low ?
Goodness but unexpected,
It hardly can be true ;
And still she cries more fervant,
Lord don't thy mercy hide,
May I become a servant,
And fit to be a bride.

11 The marriage is made ready,
The parties are agreed,
The holy son of David,
And Adam's wretched seed ;
The sinner is attir'd,
With raiment clean and white,
Her sins are freely pardon'd,
And she's her Lord's delight.

12 They eat and drink together,
And mut'ally embrace,
Both saints and angels wonder,
At the surprising grace ;
This union shall continue,
For evermore the same,
And nothing part asunder,
The christian and the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXXVII. C. M.*The Slow Traveller.*

OH! happy souls how fast you go,
And leave me here behind;
Don't stop for me, for now I see,
The Lord is just and kind.

2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I'll come after you;
Tho' I'm behind, yet I can find,
I'll sing hosanna too.

3 God give you strength that you may run,
And keep your footsteps right;
Tho' fast you go, and I so slow,
You are not out of sight.

4 When you get to those worlds above,
And all their glories see;
When you get home, your work is done,
Then look you out for me.

5 For I will come fast as I can,
Along the way I'll steer;
Lord give me strength, I shall at length
Be one among you there.

6 There altogether we shall be,
Together we shall sing;
Together we shall praise our God
And everlasting king.

H Y M N LXXXVIII. C. M.*An Invitation to Sinners.*

COME to the glor'ous gospel-feast
Ho ev'ry one that will!

O come, ye starving souls and taste
Those joys that none can tell;

2. Arise ye mortals that are sad
And bord'ring on despair,
Lo there is balm in Gilead,
And a Physician there.

3. Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,
Behold the purple gore;
It was for wounded souls he di'd,
The sin-sick to restore.

4. Behold him on the cursed tree,
With arms extended wide,
For sinners such as you and me,
The bleeding Saviour di'd.

5. 'Tis finish'd said his dying breath,
And conquer'd death and hell,
That Rebels doom'd to endless death,
Might in his bosom dwell.

6. Come then receive his grace and tell
The wonders of his love;
Till we arise with him to dwell
In the bright worlds above.

7. No sin nor foe shall there annoy,
Or wound our peaceful breast;
But boundless love, unmixed joy,
And everlasting rest.

H Y M N LXXXIX. C. M.

Farewell to all but Christ.

FAREWELL vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glories I despise;
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatt'ries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea ;
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above ;
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

5 There's love and joy that will not waste ;
There's treasures that endure ;
There's pleasure that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

H Y M N XC. C. M.

A Morning Song.

L ORD, in the morning I will send
My cries, to reach thine ear ;
Thou art my father and my friend,
My help for ever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee in perfect peace ;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide ;
Warn me of ev'ry to and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down ;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments smoothly run,
And sing my hours away ;
Till ev'ning shades and setting sun,
Conclude in endless day.

HYMN XCI. C. M.

A Crum for pilgrims.

Go on ye pilgrims, while below,
In the sure paths of peace :
Determin'd nothing else to know,
But Jesus and his grace,

2 Observe your leader, follow him ;
He thro' this world has been
Often revil'd ; but like a Lamb
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies ;
And learn the only way to heav'n,
Thro' self-denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray,
While journey'ng on the road ;
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit,
That feeds th' immortal mind ;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before ;

Defy the trials of your way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

7 Then you shall reach the promis'd land,
With all the ransom'd race,
And join with all the glor'ous band,
To sing redeeming grace.

H Y M N X C I I. C. M.

Longing for Christ.

O COULD I find from day to day,
~~A nearer f^t to my God :~~
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.

2 Lord I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor never take away.

3 O Jesus come and rule my heart,
And I'll be wholly thine ;
And never, never more depart,
For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

5 Thro' boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of my friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due ;
While angels and archangels gaze,
On scenes forever new.

HYMN. XCIII. C. M.

The Backslider returning.

O WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so !
And now, without his smiles I lie,
And know not where to go.

2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face ;
But did not think so soon,
I should go mourning in distress,
And all my comforts gone.

3 Not all the glories of this earth,
Can do me any good :
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
And groans to find my God.

4 O should I see his face again,
I'd tell him all my woe,
Confess how guilty I have been
To leave my Jesus so.

John Carter Brown
Library

5 Then I will clasp him in my arms,
And he shall have my heart ;
And earth, with all her treach'rous charms,
Forever shall depart.

HYMN. XCIV.

A Hymn on Baptism, by ANNA BEAMAN of Warren in Connecticut ; composed about the time she was baptized.

WHAT think you, my friends, of the
preaching of John ?
Was it from heaven, or was it of men ?
We hear him declaring glad tidings of peace,
Proclaiming a Jubilee, a year of release.

2 The law and the prophets continu'd till John,
Our Saviour hath told us when gospel began ;
And since that God's kingdom is preach'd faith
the word,
And all men press in who have faith in our Lord.

3 The first of the gospel, the dawn of the day,
The voice of one crying prepare ye the way ;
Bring forth your repentance, ye viperous breed,
And think not to say ye are Abraham's seed.

4 A new dispensation to them he declares,
And preaches repentance, to Abraham's heirs ;
The children of Abraham's natural seed
Found they had no right his baptism to plead.

5 But when he perceived repentance was theirs,
Then he gave baptism to Abraham's heirs ;
Those who had been sealed to covenant things
We find him baptising confessing their sins.

6 He tells them their Saviour is already here,
And while he's baptising our Lord doth appear
For to be baptis'd, John shrinks at the thing,
And owns he had need to receive it from him.

7 But when he informed it was his request,
He freely baptis'd him as he did the rest ;
And this institution was own'd from above,
The spirit of God was sent down like a dove.

8 And his sweet examp'e is left on record,
Whoever steps in they will find a reward ;
They'll find peace of conscience and joy in the
same,

When they are baptised in Jesus' own name.

9 The Eunuch we find was in haste to receive
His water baptism ; when he did believe

He went on his way rejoicing in God,
While those that rebel must be tasting his rod.

10 The friends of Cornelius who heard Peter's word

Believ'd and receiv'd the seal of the Lord.
The Holy Ghost fell, then their joys did arise,
And Peter commands that they should be baptis'd.

11 Saint Paul's great conversion he found in the way

The light which shone round him exceeded the day
Then he was three days, neither drank nor did eat,
Yet he was baptis'd before he took meat.

12 We read that where thousands believ'd in a day

That they were baptised without a delay :

The house of the jailor believ'd in the night,

And they were baptised before it was light.

13 Forbear then to censure my being in haste,
Or shew me an instance where it was the case,
That primitive Christians defered the thing,
I answer my conscience to Jesus my King.

14 I'll tell you how gospel appears unto me,
And pray to kind heaven that you all may see ;
But the wise and th' prudent 'tis hid from their
eycs, [prize.]

While the babes of the kingdom rejoice in the

15 Some call it baptism and think it will stand,
A few drops of water dropt from a man's hand,
In th' face of the infant, who's under the curse,
But we find no scripture which proves it to us.

16 For there's no being bury'd with Christ in
this case,

For Jordan or Euon was John's chosen place.

Our Lord in a fountain; John did him baptize;
And Christ's sweet example we honor and prize.

HYMN XCV.

The Complainor reformed.

I SET myself against the Lord,
Despis'd his spirit and his word,
And wish'd to take his place;
It vex'd me sore that I must die,
And perish too eternally,
Or else be sav'd by grace.

2 Of every preacher I'd complain,
One spoke thro' pride, and one for gain,
Another's learning's small;
This spoke too fast and that too slow,
One pray'd too loud, and one too low,
The others had no call.

3 With no professors could I join,
Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine,
And some did talk too long;
Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd so weak and some so swift,
That all of them were wrong.

4 I thot' they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where'er they come,
And tell us of their joys;
They'd better keep their gardens free
From weeds, than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.

5 Kindred and neighbors all were bad,
And no true friends for to be had—
My rulers too were vile.

At length I was brought for to see,
The fault did mostly lie in me,
And had done all the while.

6 The horrid loads of guilt and shame,
(Being conscious too I was to blame,)
Did wound my frightened soul ;
I've sinn'd so much against my God,
I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
How can I be made whole.

7 But there is Balin in Gilead,
And a physician to be had,
A balsam too most free ;
Only believe on God's dear son,
Thro' him the victory is won,
Christ Jesus di'd for me.

8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea ;
What ! to expire for such as me ?
Yes 'tis a truth divine ;
My heart did melt, my soul o'er run
With love; to see what God hath done
For souls, as mean as mine.

9 Now I can hear a child proclaim
The joyful news, and praise the name
Of Jesus Christ, my king ;
I know no sect, Christians are one,
With my complaints I now have done,
And God's free Grace I sing.

10 Glory to him who gave his son,
To die for crimes which we had done,
And made salvation mine ;
For as we'd sold ourselves for nought,
So without money we are bought,
A blessed truth divine.

11 Come saints, rejoice in Christ your king,
His solemn praises sweetly sing,
And tell the world his love ;
Sinners invite for to receive
Of God's free grace and not to grieve
The holy sacred dove.

12 All those who do an interest gain,
In th' blessed lamb that once was slain,
Will surely happy be ;
Their loud hosannas they shall raise,
A monument of God's high praise,
To all eternity.

HYMN XCVI. C. M.

The believer's baptism, discovered from the ark.

1 DEAR Christian friends, come we will go,
And search the ark with care ;
A type of baptism you know
We'll search for infants there.

2 This figure signifies the whole,
There's just so many here,
As did come in at Noah's call—
As did the deluge fear.

3 Here's Noah's sons and his sons' wives,
But if they'd infant seed,
They in the deluge lost their lives,
Eight souls were sav'd we read.

4 As they are cover'd in the ark,
It signifies the same,
As being bury'd in the Lord,
Where water covers them.

5 This man's a type of Jesus Christ,
His ark, of gospel grace,
And those who made the happy choice,
Found safety in the place.

6 They turn'd their backs on worldly things,
And here their safety feel,
So Gentiles should forsake their sins,
And then receive the seal.

7 Thus we have search'd the ark around,
And find no infants there ;
If there are any to be found,
We wish to ask you where.

8 We wish in this you'd help our minds,
We can no farther go,
We dare not add to sacred lines,
For there's a dreadful woe.

9 Our children's wants we mean to plead,
Their need of grace we feel,
But dare not call them Abra'am's seed,
Nor seal them with his seal.

10 The seal of promise can't be their's,
While bound beneath the curse,
Gentiles can ne'er be Abra'am's heirs,
Till they in Jesus trust.

11 Read the commission of our Lord,
To his disciples giv'n ;
A sweet and solemn binding word,
Just as he went to heav'n.

12 Go forth, my friends, all nations teach,
When taught, you may baptize,
Observe my words where'er you go,
Nothing of mine despise.

13 Dear teachers all I pray attend,

And mark his promise here;

He will be with you to the end;

If you attend with fear.

14 But if you turn his word around,

Baptize before you teach,

His blessed cause I fear you'll wound,

Take heed I do beseech.

15 Take not the name of God in vain,

On those without the ark,

Christ Jesus knows his own by name,

By an eternal mark.

16 These sealing marks pray don't convey,

Nor mark your goats for sheep;

But look to Jesus, he's the way,

His precepts always keep.

H Y M N XCVII. L. M.

On Israel's fall.

DOES it not grief and wonder move,

To think of Israel's dreadful fall,

Who needed miracles to prove,

Whether the Lord was God or Baal?

2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,

His features glow with love and zeal,

In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,

And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

3 Oh God, if I thy servant am,

If 'tis thy message fills my heart,

Now glorify thy holy name,

And shew this people who thou art.

4. He spake and lo ! a sudden flame,
 Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,
 The people struck at once proclaim,
 " The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

5. Like him we mourn an awful day,
 When more for Baal than God appears,
 Like him, believers, let us pray,
 And may the God of Israel hear.

6. Lord if thy servant speaks the truth,
 If he indeed is sent by thee,
 Confirm the word to all our youth,
 And let them thy salvation see.

7. Now, may the spirits' holy fire,
 Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,
 Consume each hurtful vain desire,
 And make them know thou art the Lord.

H Y M N: XCVIII. C. M.

The Coronation of Christ.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from the altar call,
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of Isr'el's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall,

Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men and sirs, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the host above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN XCIX.

The Preacher's Farewell.

BRETHREN I bid you all farewell,
And from my very heart,
Affectionately I do tell,
That you and I must part.

2 And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labor shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.

3 I trust I can to record call,
All you that hear me now,
I have declar'd God's counsels all,
As he did me endow.

4 I now depart, I leave you here,
I leave you with the Lord,

And may we all henceforth appear,
To be of one accord.

5 And if we never meet again,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Cana'n's shore,
And never part again.

6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in his holy ways,
So brethren fare you well.

HYMN C.

The Christian's warrant.

1 THO' troubles assail and dangers affright,
Tho' friends all should fail and foes all
unite,

Yet one thing secures us: whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed;
From them let us learn to trust in our head;
His saints, what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as it's written the Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempest, be tost
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost;
Tho' satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey, like Abra'am of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,

He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will pro-
vide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro'
Nor fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN CL.

The attraction of the Cross—John xiii. 32.

YONDER—amazing sight ! I see
Th' incarnate son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood,

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head !
The crimson tide puts out the sun—
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the dearken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with th' amaz'd Centur'ans cry,
" This is the son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive ;

1 If God's own son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine,
Thine it shall ever be.

H Y M N CII.

Precious Promises.—2 Peter, iii. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word?
What more can he say than to you he hath said
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
c're be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by my right'ous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
Will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

H Y M N C III. C. M.

Pleading with God under affliction.

WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within ;
Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain,
Is but the fruit of sin.

2 No Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor never dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul ;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is lost,
Till I am tempted in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look,
Once more to thee, my God ;
O fix my soul upon a rock,
Beyond the raging flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Would set my heart at ease,
One all creating word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

HYMN CIV.

The Gospel Trumpet.

HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' ali the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus Christ's redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
to endless day.

2 Hail all victorious conqu'ring Lord,
By all the heav'nly hosts ador'd,
Who undertook for fallen man,
And bro't salvation thro' thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
in endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
in endless day.

4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word,
And find by faith upon that flood
to endless day.

5 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,
By feeble hopes and gloomy fears,
'Till we arrive at Cana'n's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
We shout our trials there all o'er
to endless day.

6 Then we shall in sweet chorus join
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
in endless day.

H Y M N C V. C. M.

A word of comfort to the lambs of Christ

BLESS'D be my God that I was born
To hear the joyful sound ;
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
Where gospel truths abound.

2. Bless'd be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear ;
I hear such blessed news from heay'n
Not earth nor hell I fear.

3 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die,
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.

4 On high he stands to plead my cause
And will return again,
And set me on a glorious throne
That I may with him reign.

5 Glory to God the father be,
Glory to God the Son,

Glory to God the holy ghost,
Glory to God alone.

HYMN CVI.

Soul thirsting for heaven.

STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble I mournfully cry ;
And pine to recover my peace,
And see my redeemer and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home ;
O ! when shall my spirit be there ;
O ! when will the messenger come.

2. Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain ;
And then in the grave to lay down,
This burden of body and pain.
O ! Jesus in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear to my rescue, appear,
And gather me into thy rest.

3. To take a poor fugitive in
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away ;
Away from the world of distress,
Away to the mansions above ;
A heaven of seeing thy face—
A heaven of feeling thy love.

HYMN CVII. L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?

Asham'd of thee whom angels praise ;
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus ? sooner far,
Let ev'ning blush to own a star ;
He shed the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus ? just as soon,
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul 'til he
Bright morning-star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear friend,
On whom my hopes for heav'n depend ?
No, when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus ? yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear of hell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And now may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obed'ence to his laws.

H Y M N . C V I I I .

Baptism, believers only have a right to it.

WHEN John tho' a man, baptizing began,
Believers in Jordan confessing their sins,

L 2

2 The Pharisees came in Abraham's name,
For to be baptized, and laid in their claim.

3 You vipers said he, who warn'd you to flee ;
Bring forth your repentance that fruits we may see

4 And think not indeed that you are Abraham's
seed,
And so for baptism have a right for to plead.

5 By this we may see, baptism to be,
For none but believers a privilege free.

6 Christ Jesus by name, from Galilee came,
For to be baptized, and was not ashamed.

7 John to him did say, why com'st thou to me,
For I have need to be baptized of thee.

8 O suffer it so, for't becomes us to show,
All right'ous obed'ence where ever we go.

9 The right was perform'd and Jesus return'd,
The blessing of th' father came down on the Son.

10 The spirit of God descends like a dove
And lights on our Saviour in tokens of love.

11 By this we may see, the whole trinity,
Unto our baptism doth jointly agree.

12 We'll not be ashamed of Jesus Christ's name
He's precious unto us tho' sinners blaspheme.

13 We'll follow the Lord in his holy word,
Obed'ence unto him great comforts afford.

14 We'll follow him down to the waters we're
bound ;

O sinners see what an example we've found.

15 Farewell to my friends, farewell to my foes,
Farewell to this vain world wherein sorrow grows.

H Y M N. CIX C. M.

Godly sorrow, arising from the sufferings of Christ.

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
A And did my sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

CHORUS.

Thanks to the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
Who di'd on Calvary ;
The Lamb was slain from heaven he came,
To bleed and die for me :
The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,
To intercede for me.

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glor'ous suff'r'r stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty maker di'd
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that we can do.

HYMN CX. C. M.

The brethren's Farewell.

BR E THREN farewell, I do you tell,
That you and I must part ;
I go away, but here you stay,
But still we join in heart.

2 Your love to me has run most free,
Your conversation sweet ;
How could I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet..

3 But still I find my heart's inclin'd,
To do my work below ;
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready for to go.

4 I leave you all both great and small,
In Christ's incircled arms ;
Who will you save, from death th' grave,
And shield you from all harm.

5 I trust you'll pray both night and day,
And keep your garments white ;
For you and me, that we may be,
The children of the light.

6 If you go first amen, you must,
The will of God be done ;
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

7 If I'm call'd home while I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me ;
I hope to sing and praise my king,
To all eternity.

8 I long to go, so farewell woe,

My soul shall be at rest;

No more shall I complain or sigh,

But be forever blest.

9 O may we meet and be complete,

And long together dwell;

And serve the Lord with one accord,

So brethren all farewell.

H Y M N C X I.

The Youth's Resolution.

WHILE I am blest with youthful bloom,

I will adore the sacred Lamb,

Who bled and di'd for me;

If God inspires my heart with grace,

And lets me see his shining face,

A pilgrim I will be.

2 I'll leave this world with all its toys,

And seek those far superior joys,

That doth in Jesus dwell;

If Jesus be my God and king,

Immortal triumph I will sing,

O'er all the pow'r's of hell.

3 A frowning word I will defy,

And all those flatt'ring charms deny,

If Jesus stands my friend;

Not long I have this storm to stand,

Of this insnaring barren land;

My conflict soon will end.

4 Jesus my friend, my cause will plead,

Conduct my steps, supply my needs,

And never let me fall.

Jesus will all my foes destroy—
Will be my life, my strength, my joy;
Jesus is all in all.

5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting-days,
To sound abroad his heav'nly praise,
And tell the world his love:
And when I quit this mortal stage,
I shall in sacred strains engage,
Among the saints above.

6 Where I shall with my Jesus dwell,
In joys beyond what tongue can tell,
On that immortal shore:
Jesus my love shall be my joy,
His praises be my sweet employ,
And part from him no more.

HYMN CXII.

UNITY.

1 LET strife forever cease,
And envy quit the field,
Come join and live in love and peace,
And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain;
Let ev'ry member ev'ry hour,
Submit to Jesus' reign.

3 One Lord we have to fear,
One faith we all confess;
To the same baptism adhere,
And magnify free grace.

4 Then why should we contend
For meat and drink and dress,

And crucify the Lord again,
And pierce his wounds afresh.

5 When bitter words arise,
Then satan has his ends ;

We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
Amidst his chosen friends.

6 No more we'll feel the flame,
Nor judge ourselves too wise ;
But search with care to find the beam,
That lurks within our eyes.

7 Unto the world we prove,
That we disciples are ;
They shall behold us walk in love,
And say the Lord is there.

8 Then we will live like those,
Who now agree in love ;
And when our eyes by death shall close,
We'll join with them above.

H Y M N . CXIII.

Admonition to Christian duties.

CHRISTIANS if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm,
If by Jesus you are priz'd,
'Rise, believe and be baptiz'd.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due ;
Children prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross ;
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the soul ;
Fire and water both agree,
Winter soldiers never flee.

5 Ev'ry season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere ;
When the storms prevent your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

6 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray ;
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

HYMN. CXIV.

Northern Lights.

BEHOLD him streaming from the north,
Nations behold afar ;
Look to the skies with a surprize,
He flashes thro' the air.

2 What can we think by what we see,
But that our God will come,
Both in one day without de'lay,
And take his chosen home.

3 The streams of light stream in the night,
Speak forth the day will come,
When Christ our king his troops will bring,
And raise the dusky tomb.

4 Gabi'l the man who then shall stand,
One foot upon the shore—
One on the sea, and swear there'll be
A pardoning time no more.

5 The rattling thunder all prepar'd,
Will burst the magazines ;

And bolting forth from south to north,
With forked lightning streams.

6 The sun gives up and stops his course
Of which he us'd to run ;
His daily journey round the globe,
Is finished and done.

7 The moon no more shall wax or wane,
Nor give her borrowed light ;
Nor wait upon the sons of men,
To give them light by night.

8 The stars that shine forth in the night,
Shall hear their awful call ;
And quit their shining seats of light,
And down to earth they fall.

9 The solid world begins to flame,
The trump begins to sound ;
And calls the dead out of their graves,
From underneath the ground.

10 Ye sleeping dust come forth you must
To meet your God and king ;
Sinners to cry eternally,
And all the saints to sing.

11 Then all those souls who disbelieve,
Shall then begin their call ;
That God hath come of whom we've heard,
Ye mountains on us fall.

12 Hide us from him that comes a king,
His troops are all reveal'd ;
We're seiz'd with fear while we do hear
His rumbling Char'ot wheels.

13 The thunders play upon that day,
With all its horrid sound ;

The Lamb once slain will come again,
And roll his judgments on.

14 The mountains melt, the sea retires,
Convulsions seize the world ;
Hideous cracks do rend the rocks,
And thro' the air are hurl'd.

15 The saints that sigh look to the sky,
Behold your king appears ;
The son of man with his soft hand,
Shall wipe away your tears.

16 Then all the saints will rise at once,
To meet him in the air ;
Singing they rise above the skies,
And make them triumph there.

17 Then all in ranks they give him thanks,
And lift his name on high ;
And sing they will and ne'er be still,
To Long eternity.

H Y M N. CXV. C. M.

The Sinner's Self-Reflection.

A H Lord ! ah Lord ! what have I done ?
What will become of me ?
What shall I say what shall I do ?
Or whether shall I flee ?

2 By wand'ring I have lost myself,
And here I make my moan ;
O whither, whither have I stray'd !
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

3 Thy candle searches all my rooms,
And now I plainly see,

The num'rous sins of earth and hell
Are summed up in me:

4 The seeds of all the ills that grow,
Are in my garden sown,
And multitudes of them are sprung ;
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

5 I have been satan's willing slave,
And his most easy prey :
He was not readier to command
Than I was to obey :

6 Or, if at times he left my soul,
Yet still his works went on :
I was a tempter to my self ;
Ah, Lord what have I done !

7 I puft at all the threats of heav'n,
And slighted all his charms :
Nor satan's fetters would I leave
For Christ's inviting arms.

8 I had a soul, but priz'd it not ;
And now my soul is gone,
My forced cries do pierce the skies ;
Ah, Lord ! what have I done !

H Y M N CXVI. C. M.

The Pilgrim's mutual Conferance.

HAIL ! happy pilgrims, whence came ye ?
And whither are you bound ?
Who from the land of Egypt flee,
'Tis Gana'n we have found.

2 How came ye first to walk this way ?
Were you alarm'd with fear ;

A school-master appear'd one day,
With countenance severe :

3 His presence struck our hearts with awe;
His eyes appear'd like flame :
I am, said he the holy law ;
And from mount Sinai came.

4 Then lo, our sentence he declar'd
Was everlasting death ;
For, 'till his precepts were prepar'd,
We were expos'd to wrath.

5 At last a messenger of peace,
Evangelist by name,
Appear'd and gave us sweet release,
From that devouring flame.

6 He pointed out the lamb of God;
In that distressing day,
And said, behold his precious blood,
That takes your guilt away.

7 Thus were we from our bondage freed,
And set at liberty ;
Come then dear brethren, well agreed,
For thus redeem'd were we.

8 Come let us then together walk,
Together let us sing :
Be this the subject of our talk,
To praise the Lamb our king.

H Y M N. CXVII. C. M.

The Sinner's shame and confusion.

SO foolish, so absurd am I
That nothing can be more

Was ever such a monster seen
Upon the earth before?

2 I dare not look upon the earth,
The witness of my sin;
My conscience is a doom's-day book,
I dare not look within.

3 Upward I durst not cast my eyes,
For there my judge doth sit:
Nor downward whence the smoke does rise,
From the infernal pit.

4 How shall I answer at the bar
Of him who is most pure?
I cannot answer for myself,
Myself I can't endure.

5 And as myself I can't endure,
Myself I cannot fly;
Thus fools do sell themselves for slaves,
And what a slave am I?

6 My heart the seat of folly is,
My life a life of sin;
Surely I am more brutish far,
Than ever brute hath been.

7 Is this my wit? Is this my way
To make a glorious name?
And these the thanks I've paid to heav'n?
Ah! what a beast I am.

8 The crown is fallen from my head,
My royal robes are gone;
Confusion is my only cloak,
And I must put it on.

9 And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,
Here will I sit alone ;
And here I'll lead the leaper's life,
And make my doleful moan.

10 I am not worthy of the earth,
Nor worthy of the air,
Nor worthy of the wat'ry drop,
But of the damned's fare.

11 O ! how it kills my heart to think
Upon my foolish ways ;
Yet this I'll bear and bleſs the Lord,
Because damnation stays.

HYMN CXVIII. L. M.

Invitation to sinners.

COME sinners to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2. "Have me excus'd" why will you say ?
From health, and life, and liberty ;
From all that is in Jesus given,
From pardon, Holiness and heav'n.

3. Come then ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye weary wand'lers after rest ;
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4. See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice ;
His offer'd love let all embrace,
And freely now be say'd by grace.

5. Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him and he with you ;
Come to the feast be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

6. This is the time, no more delay ;
This is the glorious gospel day ;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live to him who di'd for all.

H Y M N. CXIX. C. M.

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour and my God,
I hear his joyful voice.

2. I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home ;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The comforter is come.

3. Down from above the blessed dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love,
This is my heav'nly feast.

4. This makes me abba father cry,
With confidence of soul ;
It makes me cry my Lord, my God,
And that without control.

5. There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

6. The streams do water paradise,
It makes the angels sing ;

One cordial drop revives my heart ;
Hence all my joys do spring.

7. Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8. Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

9. I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
My soul doth leap : But O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove !

10. Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin ;
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11. Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last :
Bless it be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

H Y M N. CXX. C. M.

Christians rejoicing in the hope and glory of GOD.

1. O ! we are journeying home to God,
Bid by the spirit come ;
And in the way his children trod,
We seek our father's home.

2. We walk a narrow path and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak

Yet soon shall we have rest enough,
In those bleſſ'd courts we ſeek...

3. Nigh to the coſtry we appear,
Stor'd with eternal bliſſ;
We know we quickly ſhall be there,
In ſight our city is.

4. Upon Mount Zion's diſtant top,
A Lamb our eyes behold;
'Tis Jeſus, look ye children up,
He calls us to his fold.

5. We ſee him with his raiment red,
As tho' beſmear'd with blood.
As newly ſlain he stands; he bled,
Us to redeem to God.

6. About him clad with ſnowy veſts,
Appear a countleſs throng;
These are his ſaints, his kings, his prieſts,
Who ſing the eternal ſong.

7. How bleſt, how more than happy theſe,
Who thus their Lord attend;
We, brethren, in their hoſts shall praife,
We ſoon ſhall there ascend.

H Y M N. CXXI. C. M.

*A brief, description of the Children of God in
DIALOGUE.*

1. WHAT poor diſpiled company
Of travellers are theſe,
That walk in yonder narrow way
Along that rugged maze.

2. Ah theſe are of a royal line,
All children of a king;

Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

3. Why do they then appear so mean ?
And why so much despis'd ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appriz'd.

4. But some of them seem poor distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah ! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5. But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

6. Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7. What is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

HYMN. CXXII.

Hers I will dwell.

A Home I'm never well but when
I on my best beloved lean,
And then I'm never ill ;
Crosses and trials all are slight,
And pain is sweet and troubles light,
Come whatsoever will,

2 Here I could wish my greatest foe,
Might rest like me, and happy know
The riches of the Lamb ;
The streets would then be full of praise,
Of Jesus' blood, his gracious ways,
His mercy and his name.

3 If Jesus will permit me, I
Will leaning on him live and die,
And great the blessing count :
My life, dear Lord, I'd live to thee,
My death should also glorious be,
Like Moses in the mount.

4 By sweet experience I'd proclaim
To the followers of the lamb,
Hear me, my friends, I say ;
For I am happy, I am well,
Belov'd of God unchangeable !
And with him night and day.

H Y M N CXXIII.

Delight of Praise for the Holy Scripture

I BLESS the Lord,
Who gives his word,
To rule and guide me right ;
To hear him say,
Love and obey
Affords supreme delight.

2 A holy joy,
Without alloy,
With sacred transport flows,
From truth divine,
I feel it mine,
To give my soul repose.

3 With sacred love,
My passions move,
I burn with strong desires;
With holy aim,
And inward flame,
I feel my soul on fire.

4 By grace refin'd,
My soul inclin'd,
Shall consecrate my days
As due to none
But God alone,
And give him all the praise.

HYMN CXXIV. C. M.

Longing after CHRIST.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord we fain would be;
Our helpless hearts to thee look up,
To thee, our Shepherd flee.

2 O might I lean upon that breast
Which love and pity fill,
And now become those lambs carest,
That in thy bosom dwell.

3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand,
Which leads to pastures fair,
Shows Cana'n's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock so dear.

4 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls
Directly come who will,
Just as you are; for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

5 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us only pure;

And O ! that nothing else but grace
May rule forevermore.

6 As one in heart let's all rejoice
The sinner's friend to praise ;
The shepherd di'd ; Oh ! 'tis his voice ;
He'll us to glory raise.

H Y M N CXXV. C. M.

Meat and Drink indeed.

TO-day Imman'el feeds his sheep,
The purchase of his blood ;
To-day Jehovah keeps a feast,
For all the sons of God.

2 The bread of God is freely giv'n,
The food of saints above ;
That living bread sent down from heav'n,
The fruit of pard'ning love.

3 Lo ! Christ, our shepherd, gave his life
To answer all our need ;
His body crucify'd is meat,
His body drink indeed.

4 Ye hungry, thirsty souls draw near,
And living bread receive ;
Taste the provision of your God,
And freely eat and live.

H Y M N CXXVI L. M.

ANOTHER.

ARISE, my soul, with wonder see
What love divine for thee hath done,
Behold thy sorrow, sin and grief,
Are laid on God's eternal son.

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2 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and grief flow mingling down ;
Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN. CXXVII. L. M.

The remembrance of CHRIST in the supper.

CHRIST, in that night he was betray'd,
Took bread gave thanks, it break and said,
My broken body here you see ;
Take, eat it, and remember me.

2 Thus also he the cup did take ;
Here's sealing blood shed for your sake,
Which doth my test'ment ratify ;
I let all drink and remember me.

3 Your pardon with what's for your good,
Is purchas'd with my dearest blood :
My blood to you makes pardon free ;
In drinking then remember me.

4 For hungry souls here's manna rare,
God sends from heaven for your fare ;
This manna falls now plentiously :
In eating then remember me.

5 Here God sits on a throne of grace,
Where sinful men may see his face ;
My blood procures your access free :
In drinking then remember me.

6 See here the tree of life with fruit,
And leaves which heal, and strength recruit ;
These I shake down, poor soul to thee :
Eat freely and remember me.

7 See Jacob's ladder here set up,
A covenanting God at top ;
Climb, and God will transact with thee ;
In doing this remember me.

8 Hence runs of life the river pure,
Which our soul's wounds doth cleanse and cure,
It freely runs to all you see :
Drink by faith and remember me.

H Y M N. CXXVIII. C. M.

Marriage Hymn.

L ORD, from thy throne of flowing grace,
Thy choicest blessings give ;
And on thy servants cause thy face
To shine, and they shall live.

2 Enrich them with thy heav'nly grace,
Unite their hearts in love ;
May they, in all thy holy ways
To thee themselves approve.

3 Let harmony and holy love,
And friendship ever run,
Thro' all their thoughts and life to prove,
Of twain they now are one.

4 Allure them, Jesus ! with thy charms
And joyfully they'll flee,
By faith and love into thine arms,
And thus be one in thee.

5 Adorn their house, adorn their ways,
With fruit divinely fair ;
So in this world they'll shew thy praise,
In th' next thy glory share.

H Y M N. CXXIX.

The Beggar's Prayer.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,

Behold a beggar Lord,
Waits at thy mercy-door :
No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee
I know thou wouldest disdain :
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more ;
Thou knowest from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my distress,
My faults have been but few :
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve
It would be what I should deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou now befriend
I'll trouble thee no more ;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain
And often I must come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy :
O do not frown and bid me go ;
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who like me
Their wants and hunger feel,
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
Our tho'ts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend :
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

HYMN CXXX, L. M.

For the new Year.

HAIL the new year that's now begun,
Now let us all to God return ;
From sinful ways may we all cease,
And with each other live in peace.

2 While thousands have been call'd away,
Yet still we live to see this day ;
With thanks to God then all draw near
To celebrate the happy year.

3 While many are sick and confin'd,
Others depriv'd of sense and mind
We yet retain them bright and clear,
To celebrate the happy year.

4 Then let us all to God repair,
And offer him our praise and pray'r,
Now unto him may we draw near
To celebrate the happy year.

5 And now forsake all vice and sin,
And the new year with God begin.

Then with great joy we shall appear,
To celebrate the happy year.

6 Then truly happy such will be,
Who from all sin do always flee ;
And unto Christ will now give ear,
Such we do wish a happy year.

7 All then who see their undone state,
Leaving their all for Jesus' sake,
To such we can, with joy sincere,
Wish them a happy, happy year.

8 All those who are now born again,
And in Christ Jesus do remain,
All such as those we need not fear,
They will enjoy a happy year.

9 But true religion still we find,
Gives the most peace unto the mind ;
Possessors of it will appear,
To wish us all a happy year.

H Y M N CXXXI. L. M.

Composed on the death of a wife.

HOW vain are the pleasures of time,
How fond are vain mortals of life,
There's nought of the heav'nly sublime,
There's nought but confusion and strife.

2 My bride, the dear wife of my youth,
Lies panting and gasping for breath,
More pleas'd with the beauties of truth,
And blest'd in th' embraces of death.

3 Her struggles are long and severe,
While struggling and coughing she smiles,
Say'ng, Jesus has made me his care,
I soon shall forget all my toils.

- 4 She calls for the chariot of Christ,
How slowly it moves on the way,
How long, my Lord Jesus she cries,
How long have I here for to stay?
- 5 Yet Jesus is faithful to me,
He pities the pains I now feel;
I shall not outstay his decree,
He gives me his love as a seal.
- 6 Farewell my dear husband, saith she,
Now from your kind bosom I leap,
With Jesus my bridegroom to be,
My flesh in the tomb for to sleep.
- 7 And thus she continu'd to cry
For patience to wait for the word,
Till from us she leap'd and did fly,
Forever to dwell with the Lord.
- 8 Now like a disconsolate dove,
I'm left all alone for to mourn,
O may the kind powers above,
Shew pity to me while alone.
- 9 I look thro' the rooms of my house,
Each door on its hinges doth mourn,
While searching I find not my spouse,
Nor will she to me e'er return.
- 10 How lonesome my table to me,
How empty the place where she sat,
What lonesome devotion I pay,
Where once we so sweetly did meet.
- 11 And still for to heighten my grief
My sons a kind mother have lost,
They can't go to her for relief,
O may they in God put their trust.
- 12 And shall I indulge my complaint,
And tell you how lonesome my bed,

And try all my feelings to paint,
And fix to each note a dark shade?

13 There's none that can learn my complaint,
Unless it is stamp'd on their heart:
Not all that gay heathens can paint
Can tell how true lovers do part.

14 But those who have lost their best part,
Torn from them, still leaving the wound,
May guess how I feel at my heart,
And notes of this kind they can sound.

15 My passions will lead me too far;
My grief I will leave with the Lord;
I trust I shall shortly go where
Vain passion can't lead from his word.

16 My lyric I now will conclude,
And pleas'd with the tho'ts of release,
From troubles that do me surround,
To dwell in the regions of peace.

17 While I think of concluding my song,
Methinks she bends downward her wings
And whispers you're not to stay long,
You'll shortly come home to our king.

18 She now views more wonders at once,
Than ages on earth can relate,
From nation to nation she runs,
Then mounts to the heavenly seat.

19 There! waiting for further commands,
At length she's directed to fly
To further inhabited lands,
New glories and wonders to spy.

20 And while she their beauties behold,
She having her lyre well strung,

Mounts up in chariots of gold,
And strikes an eternal new song.

21 How long, my dear Jesus, how long,
Ere I shall come home to my King,
And join that eternal new song,
And with my kind Esther to sing ?

22 It is but a moment or two,
I have in this world for to stay,
Before I shall leap and must go
To sing in the regions of day.

23 With patience I'll wait for the morn,
Nor think the dark moments are long,
Until my Lord Jesus return,
Then join the angelical song.

H Y M N. CXXXII. L. M.

On the great duty of prayer.

WHAT var'ous hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the christian armour bright,
And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Isr'el's side ;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amaleck prevaj'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creatures ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half our breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMNS CXXXIII. L. M.

The Work of a Minister.

BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring;
Their tribute of united praise,
For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquest of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word:
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem,
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme,
And while we feel thy heav'nly love,
We burn like seraphims above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise,
With us an equal song of praise:
They are the noblest work of God,
But we the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound,
Still prune the vine or plow the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unweari'd heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above;

Thy praise shall be our blest employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

HYMN. CXXXIV.

CHRIST'S Crucifixion.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone.
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan :
Lo ! the pow'rs of heaven he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies.

2 Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal plan
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful men :
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the suff'rer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his creator dies.

3 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart !
O that all to thee might turn ;
Sinners ye may love him too,
Look on him ye pierc'd and mourn
For one who bled for you.

4 Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love ;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above ;
Lives our head to die no more,
Pow'r is all to Jesus given,

Worship'd as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heav'n.

HYMN CXXXV.

CHRIST's Ascension.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wistful eyes ;
Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heaven,
There the pompous triumph waits ;
" Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
" Wide unfold the radiant scene,
" Take the King of glory in !"

2 Him tho' highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls the world his own ;
Still for us he interceeds,
Prayalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day
See thy faithful servant, see,
Ever gazing up to thee !
Grant, tho' parted from our sight :
High above yon azure height, —
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wasted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home ;
There we shall with thee remain,

Partners of thine endless reign,
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN CXXXVI.

For a Person under temptation.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee—
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name :
I am all unrighteousness !

Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee I found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,

O

Freely let me take of thee
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN CXXXVII.

Christians complaint, and prayer for the Impenitent.

A H ! woe is me, constrain'd to dwell
 Among the sons of night :
 Poor sinners dropping into hell,
 Who hate the gospel light ;
 Wild as the untam'd Arab's race,
 Who from their Saviour fly ;
 And trample on his pard'ning grace,
 And all his threats defy.

2 Yet here alas ! in pain I live,
 Where Satan keeps his seat,
 And day by day for those I grieve,
 Who will to sin submit :
 With gushing eyes their deeds I see,
 Their punishment is nigh,
 I ask with him who ransom'd me,
 Why will you sin and die.

3 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,
 Display thy saving pow'r ;
 Thy mercy let those outcasts find,
 To know thy gracious hour,
 Ah ! give them Lord a longer space ;
 Nor suddenly consume,
 But let them take the proffer'd grace,
 And flee the wrath to come.

4 Open their eyes and ears to see
 Thy cross, to hear the cries,
 Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
 For thee he weeps and dies.
 All the day long he meekly stands,

His rebels to receive ;
 And shews his wounds, and spreads his hands,
 And bids you turn and live.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

The Year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the Nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come :
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home !

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return to your eternal home !

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

HYMN CXXXIX. C. M.

Praise for the Hope of Glory.

I SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
 Alas how can I sing !
 My harp doth on the willows hang,
 Distun'd in every string.

2 My music is a captive's chains ;
 Harsh sounds my ears do fill ;
 How shall I sing sweet Zion's songs,
 On this side Zion's hill.

3 Yet lo I hear the joyful sound,
Surely I'll quickly come !
Each word much sweetnes doth distil.
Like a full honey-comb.

4 And dost thou come my dearest Lord ?
And dost thou surely come ?
And dost thou surely quickly come ?
Methinks I am at home.

5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest friend ;
Come, for I loathe these Kedar tents !
The fiery chariot send.

6 What have I in this barren land !
My Jesus is not here ;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until
My Jesus doth appear.

7 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n
To get a place for me ;
For 'tis his will, that where he is,
There should his servants be.

8 Cana'n I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Cana'n's grapes I taste ;
My Lord who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

9 I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplext ?
My God that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

10 My dearest friends they dwell above,
Them will I go to see ;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

H Y M N CXL. C. M.

The Sinner's Fears.

ALAS! for I have seen the Lord,
With a drawn sword he stood ;
Now might he sheathe it in flesh,
And bathe it in my blood.

2 I've dar'd him with my mighty sins,
As if he was too slow ;
But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
As an enraged foe.

3 What shall a guilty sinner do,
When justice does appear ?
O whither shall I flee from him,
Whose place is ev'ry where ?

4 As I can neither stand nor fly,
So neither can I bear
The mighty hand which grinds the rocks,
And doth foundations tear.

5 My pale, my poor, my trembling soul,
Does start at ev'ry thing ;
It hourly fears huge hosts of wrath
From this incensed King.

6 Should he but his commission grant,
All creatures would engage
Against me as their foe profess'd,
With an united rage.

7 My fears are just, I deserve hell,
And 'tis my proper hire ;
But who can dwell : O ! who can dwell
With everlasting fire ?

H Y M N CXLII. L. M.

Unknown World. -- Composed on the tolling of a Bell.

HARK ! my gay friends that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul !

'Tis gone, that's all we know—not where,
Or how th' unbodi'd soul doth fare.

2 In that myster'ous world none knows
But God alone, to whom it goes ;
To whom departed souls return,
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

3 Oh ! by what glimm'ring light we view
The unknown world we're hast'ning to !
God has lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage !

4 Wise heav'n, to render search perplext
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind which is yet unseen !

5 We talk of heav'n we talk of hell ;
But what they mean no tongue can tell !
Heav'n is the realm where angels are,
And hell the chaos of despair !

6 But what these awful words imply,
None of us know until we die !
Whether we will or no, — we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

7 This hour perhaps our friend is well,
Death struck the next, he cries farewell !
I die—and then, for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breathe and be.

8 Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more,
Then undirected to repair
To distant worlds, we know not where.

9 Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun ;

Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold !

10 And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,
Tho' dead, may be so far remov'd ;
Only this vale of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us tho' unseen.

11 Whilst we their loss lamenting say,
They're out of hearing, far away ;
Guardians to us perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

12 And yet no notice they give,
Nor tell us where, nor how they live ;
Tho' conscious, whilst with us below ;
How much themselves desir'd to know.

13 As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state,
To tell their joys or pain to none,
That man might live by faith alone.

14 Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees ;
Why should I wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal ?

15 It is enough that I believe,
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive ;
And he that makes it all his care
To serve God here shall see him there !

16 But oh ! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay ?
How sudden the surprise, how new !
Let it my God be happy too.

H Y M N CXLII.

Honor to the Hills.

THROUGH all this world below,
God we see all around,

Search hills and vallies through,
There he's found.
In growing fields of corn,
The lilly and the thorn,
The pleasant and forlorn,
All declare God is there ;
In meadows drest in green,
There he's seen.

2. See springing waters rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run ;
The mist beclouds the sky,
Hides the sun.
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And break upon the shore ;
All to praise, in their lays
A God that ne'er declines
His designs.

3. The sun with all his rays
Speaks of God as he flies ;
The comet in its blaze,
God it cries.
The shining of the stars,
The moon when she appears
His dreadful name declare :
See them fly thro' the sky,
And join the silent sound
From the ground.

4. Then let my station be,
Here in life, where I see
The sacred trinity
All agree,
In all the works he's made,
The forest and the glade,
Nor let me be afraid, tho' I dwell

In the hill,
Where nature's work declares
God is there.

5 God did to Moses shew,
Glories more than Peru ;
His face alone withdrew
From the view.
Mount Sinai was the place,
Where God did shew his grace ;
And Moses sang his praise,
See him rise near the skies :
And view old Canaan's ground
All around.

6 Elijah's servant views
From the hill and declares,
A little cloud appears,
Dry your tears :
Our Lord transfigur'd is,
With those blest saints of his,
As faith the witnessles :
See them shine all divine,
While Olive's Mount is blest
With the rest.

7 Not India hills of gold,
With wonders we are told,
Nor seraphs strong and bold,
Can unfold
The mountain Calvary,
Where Christ our Lord did die ;
Hark ! hear the God-man cry,
Mountains quake, Heavens shake,
When God their author's ghost
Leaves their coast.
8 And now from Calvary,
We may stand and espy,

Beyond this lower sky,
 Far on high,
 Mount Zion's spicy hill,
 Where saints and angels dwell ;
 Hark ! hear them sing and tell,
 Of their Lord, with accord,
 And join in Moses song,
 Heart and tongue,

9 Since the hills are honor'd thus,
 By our Lord in his course,
 Let them not be by us
 Call'd a curse ;
 Forbid it mighty King,
 But rather let us sing ;
 While hills and vallies ring ;
 Echoes fly thro' the sky,
 And heavens hear the sound
 From the ground.

HYMN CXLIII.

JESUS I fly to thee
 For mercy, pardon, grace ;
 Through thee alone poor sinners may
 Approach the Father's face.

2 Let thy atoning blood,
 Encourage me to speak ;
 That all my wants, O Lamb of God !
 I may to thee relate.

3 I want a sober mind,
 A self renouncing will ;
 That tramples down and casts behind,
 The baits of pleasing ill.

4 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye ;

That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

5 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease ;
Never to murmur or repine,
Nor wish my suff'rings less.

6 This blessing above all,
Always to pray I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

7 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim ;
Not mov'd by threat'nings or reward,
To own thee and thy name.

8 I want with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil ;
To know myself and what thou art,
And what's thy perfect will.

9 I want, I know not what,
I want my wants to see ;
I want, alas ! what want I not,
When Christ is not in me.

H Y M N CXLIV. S. M.

The Consequence of Sin.

SEE what a wretched state
Sin hath reduc'd us to ;
See how it's brought a dismal fate
Of death on things below.

2 See nature all on wing,
Taking her rapid flight,
With 'mazing swiftness, which doth bring
Her quick to death's dark night :

3 Where part must rest awhile,
Which is the house of clay,
To sleep secure from pain and toil,
Till resurrection day.

4 The soul still wafts along
Without a moments stay,
Is call'd to join a diff'rent throng,
And leave this house of clay.

5 Up to Christ's judgment seat,
Where souls at last must come ;
And there their diff'rent sentence meet,
And hear their final doom.

6 And now, O soul, I take care,
To steer thy course aright,
And shun sin's ways that's full of snares,
And leads to endless night ;

7 But run the way by Christ,
Which leads to endless day :
Christ's words observe, which is your light,
And you can't miss your way.

8 And shortly you shall rise,
To reach the heav'nly hill,
Where Christ you'll see with glad'ned eyes
With glory shall be fill'd.

H Y M N CXLV.

CHEER up our brethren, and rejoice,
Methinks I hear our Saviour's voice,
I come, I come, my saints he cries,
For to destroy your enemies,
And shew my power and grace in thee,
And with my truth will make you free,
And you shall triumph in my name,
And ever with me shall remain.

2 Do'nt mind reproach, or infamy,
Nor persecutions, which doth try
Your feeble souls, but look above,
And beg of God, his grace and love,
For we shall shortly reach the shore,
Where persecutions are no more,
And in Christ's kingdom shall enjoy,
God's perfect peace, with sweet employ.

3 Then, O my brethren let us run
The heav'nly race, we have begun,
Live in obed'ence to the Lord,
And we shall share the sure reward,
Of peace, and joy in Christ, the way,
That leadeth to eternal day ;
Where we through hope shall reach to sing,
Our vict'ry gain'd through Christ our king.

4 There we shall see as we are seen,
And ever live, with Christ to reign,
And know of God as we are known,
No more to grieve, or sigh, or mourn,
But with transporting joys shall view,
Amazing scenes, that ever new,
And walk them golden streets above,
That's pav'd with joy, and peace, and love.

5 And Christ, the lamb, shall be the light,
To 'luminate that city bright,
And make it shine transparent clear,
And fill the citizens with cheer ;
Where fruits in plenty, every kind,
And wine on lees that's well refin'd,
Where music sweet, doth echo round,
And all the choir with love is crown'd.

H Y M N CXLVI. L. M.

WHEN I, in darkness, destitute
Of God's free grace, and pard'ning love,

There I was left, for to despote
Against the powers of God above.

2 Blind conscience led me far astray,
In search of foolish vain delights,
God's law, it struck me with dismay,
At times put me to sudden flights.

3 But still I ventur'd to go on,
My wicked sinful course maintain'd,
And bid all fears from me begone,
Till I world's pleasures fully gain'd.

4 But in the midst of my career,
God's holy law began to flame ;
My soul was struck with awful fear,
I thought I should be quickly slain.

5 I view'd myself, a sinner chief,
In all I thought or did or said,
In thoughts, in words, in acts, in brief,
I was in all by satan led.

6 But I to Sinai's Mount did run,
Stern, injur'd justice to appease,
Offer'd my righteousness begun,
In cries, in groans, in pray'rs, and tears.

7 But all in vain, the law reply'd
Mercy I can't on you bestow,
Your righteousness can't justify,
Nor save your soul from hell, and woe.

8 The soul that sins must surely die,
As by the law its so decreed,
And perish too eternally,
The law, yourself may view and read.

9 But O what pain and agony,
My soul was quickly flung into,
Fearing to die and bid to fly,
And dwell in fi'ry flames below.

10 When this appear'd, O who can tell,
The anguish of my aching heart,
That I must die, and go to hell,
From God, and peace, and rest depart.

11 But O, amidst those gloomy views,
God's law and justice I rever'd,
His mercy still I did pursue,
Tho' mercy darkly then appear'd.

12 No help appear'd, my heart was slain,
And bow'd; and brought for to resign,
With awful silence there remain,
To wait for God's unknown design.

13 But lo! while in dread silence lay,
Behold I heard a heav'nly voice,
That bears sin's heavy load away,
And pointed to the Saviour's cross.

14 Then in the volume of the book,
My soul was led to view and see,
Was written, Christ had undertook,
To pay sin's heavy debt for me.

15 Away to Calv'ry, I was led,
To view Christ on the fatal tree,
Who pray'd, and agoniz'd, and bled
Away, his precious life for me.

16 Then, O what melting flows of love,
From Christ flow'd through my quick'ned soul,
What light divine, shin'd from above,
And glories in Christ did behold.

17 But O my stamm'ring tongue can't tell,
What beauties in my Saviour meet,
I run, I cri'd—Hosanna, fell
Down at his shining, sacred feet.

18 And there I gave to Christ my all,
My body, soul, and all my time,
And never shall from him recall,
What freely I've to him resign'd.

H Y M N. CXLVII. C. M.

*The need of Christ: and Divine help the greatness
of God.*

JESUS, thy gospel I embrace,
O come and dwell in me,
Sweet is thy voice, and work of grace,
Accept my faith in thee.

2 Prepare my soul, to run its race,
Here in this world below;
And ever give me of thy grace,
Lord help to will and do.

3 Let thy good spirit guide my way,
Yea, let it dwell with me,
Nor suffer me to go astray,
Saviour, I trust in thee.

4 Soon as my race is run may sing
Of God's free grace and love,
Nor cease to sing of Christ, my king,
Great God, in realms above.

5 Hark! hear the saints and angels sing,
In heaven's high courts above,
Salvation to our God belongs
And Christ of saints belov'd.

6 Great is my God, my all in all
Eternal is, I live,
For nothing moves, or stands, or falls,
In worlds, without thy leave.

7 First in thine own immensity,
To dwell for evermore,

Yonder, above this azure sky,
Sure angels thee adore.

8 Earth, heaven and hell shews forth thy power,
View God in all to be,
Each day, and night, and every hour,
New scenes of thine may see.

9 Behold what glories in thee shine,
O God of matchless skill,
Resplendant are thy works divine,
Not one shall fail thy will.

10 In wisdom thou hast plac'd them all,
Not one of them recline,
Gave them their station, and their call,
Respecting thy design.

11 O matchless power ! O glorious skill !
Thy goodness I adore,
O may I know and do thy will,
Now and forever more.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

The call of the gospel : &c. Luke, xxiv. 47

GO my heralds, blow the trumpet,
Sound my gospel all around,
That dead sinners may be waked,
For to hear the joyful sound.
Let the tidings, let the tidings, let the tidings,
Of my grace and love be known.

2. Preach repentance to all nations,
For remission of their sins,
He that believeth shall be saved,
He that don't believe is dam'd. [you,
Lo I'm with you, lo I'm with you, lo I'm with
Always even to the end.

3 To believing, humbled sinners
Preach my pard'ning grace and love ;
Tell them, peace is with my father,
In his royal courts above.
Through the merits, through the merits, through
the merits,
Of their precious Saviour's blood.

4 Shew my conquest made by dying,
Yonder, on mount Calvary hill,
How I spoil'd the powers of darkness,
When the law I did fulfil.
And did triumph, and did triumph, and did tri-
umph,
O'er the gates of death and hell.

5 Tell my children I've ascended,
To my father to prepare,
Peaceful mansions stor'd with blessings,
Where I am, they shall be there ;
To enjoy them, to enjoy them, to enjoy them,
And my kingdom they shall share.

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May thy love our spirits raise,
View the judgment day approaches,
Sighs shall there be chang'd to praise.
At thy coming, at thy coming, at thy coming,
When the proud shall howl and gaze.

7 O the tokens of thy coming,
Dearest Lord, we're glad to see,
For to call us to thy kingdom,
Evermore to dwell with thee.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Let us praise the sacred three.

H Y M N. CXLIX. S. M.

The weeping Christian.

MY soul why weepest thou,
Tell me from whence arise,
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies.

2. Doth sin cause thy complaints,

Or the chastising rod,

Doit thou an evil heart lament,

And mourn an absent God?

3. Lord let me weep for sin,

And after none but thee,

And then I would, O that I might

A constant weeper be.

4. Did Christ o'er Sinners weep,

And shall my cheeks be dry?

Let floods of penitential grief,

Burst forth my weeping eye.

5. The son of God in tears,

Angels with wonder see,

Be thou astonish'd O my soul,

He shed those tears for thee.

6. He wept that you might weep,

Each sin demands a tear,

In heav'n alone no sin is found,

And there's no weeping there.

7. To the eternal three,

In will and essence one,

Be universal homage paid,

Co-equal honors done.

H Y M N. CL. L. M.

TIME like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps all the sons of men away.

May we in time prepare to die,
And reign with Christ above the sky.

2. How short our life, it does not last
But a few days, and then it's past ;
To God our souls must then return,
And take their doom to smile or mourn.

3. Jesus we long to see thy face,
At thy right hand to have a place,
Where we shall reign with thee in love,
In that bright world of bliss above.

4. There no more sorrow we shall find,
No trouble to disturb our mind ;
But Jesus there our friend shall be,
And that to all eternity.

5. Eternity is short enough,
To reign with God and Christ above ;
Where angels bow around the throne,
And saints unite the joyful tone.

6. Glory to God the father be,
And to the holy one in three ;
All praise in heaven is their just due,
On earth let saints his praise renew.

HYMN CLI.

On the hardness of the heart

O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To take the stubborn stone away ;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake ;
The sea can roar, the mountains shake ;
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought) which devils fear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need ;
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

H Y M N CLII.

The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality. Ps. xc.

LORD, thou hast been thy children's God.
All powerful, wise, and good and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight !
A thousand years how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night.

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom !
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply

Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

6 O make our sacred pleasures rise,
In sweet proportion to our pains.
Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

7 [Let thy almighty work appear,
With power and evidence divine ;
And may the bliss thy servant share,
Continued to their children shine.

8 Thy glorious image fair imprest,
Let all our hearts and lives declare ;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labors own thy care.]

HYMN CLIII. C. M.

The Goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.

1 Ye humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
Tis here he makes his Goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear Refuge, Lord, we come,
Tis here our hope relies ;

A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

H Y M N CLIV. L. M.

The Loving kindness of the Lord, Isa. lxiii. 7

1 WAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great redeemer's praise,
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness O how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness O how great !

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness O how strong !

4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness O how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
 Oh ! may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
 To the bright world of endless day ;
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies,

HYMN CLV. C. M.

The traveller's Psalm.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will :
 The sea that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.

5 In 'midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore,
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;

And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

H Y M N. CLV. C. M.

The excellency and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name ador'd
Eor these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
 Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou forever near.
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

H Y M N. CLVI. L. M.

The gospel of Christ.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal councils known;

Q.

'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saints revive,

5 Our raging passions it controuls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

HYMN CLVII C. M.

The Gospel worthy of all acceptance—1 Tim. i. 15.

1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom Seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 Into our sinful world he comes,
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain

In him salvation find :

His blood removes the foulest guilt,

His spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell,

His words are true and sure,

And on this rock our faith may rest

Immoveable secure.

5 O let these tidings be receiv'd

With universal joy,

And let the high angelic praise

Our tuneful powers employ !

6 "Glory to God who gave his Son

" To bear our shame and pain :

" Hence peace on earth, and grace to men

" In endless blessings reign."

H Y M N CLVIII. C. M.

Support in God's Covenant under trouble; 2. Sam.

xxiii. 5.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love

Abides forever sure,

And in its matchless grace I feel

My happiness secure.

2. What tho' my house be not with thee,

As nature could desire ?

To nobler joys than nature giveth,

Thy servants all aspire.

3. Since thou, the everlasting God,

My father art become ;

Jesus, my guardian and my friend,

And heaven my final home.

4. I welcome all thy sov'reign will,

For all that will is love :

And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy cov'nant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue ;
And that shall the first notes employ,
Of my celestial song.

H Y M N. CLIX. L. M.

It is finished—John xix. 30.

'TIS finish'd, so the Saviour cri'd,
And meekly bow'd his head and di'd,
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decre'd,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple goar ;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—Heav'n is reconcil'd
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd ;
Peace, love and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round ;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

HYMN LX L.M.

Leaving the World.

FAREWELL vain world, I must be gone,
I have no home nor stay in thee ;
I'll take my staff and travel on
Till I a better world can see.

2 Why art thou loth my heart, O why
Dost thou recoil within my breast ;
Grieve not but say, farewell, and fly
Unto the ark my dove there's rest.

3 I come my Lord a pilgrim's pace,
Weary and weak I iloly move ;
Longing but yet can't reach the place,
The gladsome place of rest above.

4 I come my Lord the floods here rise,
These troubl'd seas foam nought but mire ;
My dove back to my bosom flies,
Farewell poor world heav'n's my desire.

5 Stay, stay, said earth, whether fond one,
Here's a fair world, what would'st thou haves ?
Fair world O no, thy beauty's gone,
A heav'nly Cana'n Lord I craye.

6 Thus the ancient trav'lers thus they,
Weary of earth sigh'd after thee ;
They're gone before I must not stay,
Till I both thee and them may see.

7 Put on my soul put on with speed,
Tho' the way be long the end is sweet ;
Once more poor world farewell indeed,
In leaving thee my Lord I meet.

Keep Close to Jesus and be safe from harm.

AS when the child secure of harms,
Hangs at the mother's breast ;
Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest.

2. And while through many a painful path,
The trav'ling parent speeds ;
The fearless babe with passive faith,
Lies still and yet proceeds.

3. Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms about her neck,
And seems to closer cling.

4. Poor child paternal love alone,
Preserves thee first and last ;
Thy parent's arms and not thy own,
Are those that hold the fast.

5. So souls that would to Jesus press,
And hear his secret call ;
Must ev'ry fair pretention leave,
And let the Lord be all.

6. Keep close to me thou helpless sheep,
The shepherd softly cries ;
Lord tell me what 'tis close to keep,
The list'ning sheep replies.

7. Thy whole dependance on me fix,
Nor entertain a thought ;
Thy worthless scheems with mine to mix,
But venture to be nought.

8. Fond self direction is a shelf,
Thy strength thy wisdom flee ;
When thou art nothing in thy self,
Thou then art close to me.

HYMN CLXII. L. M.

The superlative love of the Redeemer.

COME let me love or is my mind
Hard'ned to stone or froze to ice ;
I saw the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 O 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet sips that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal's love.

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pain ;
He flew on wings of strong desire
Assum'd my guilt and took my chain.

4 Did ever pitty stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood ;
Was ever rebels courted so,
With groans of an expiring God.

5 Amazing grace Almighty charms ;
Stand in amaze ye whirling skies ;
Jesus the God with naked arms ;
Hangs on a cross of love and dies.

6 Sure I must love or are my ears,
Still deaf nor will my passions move ;
Mine eyes shall melt away to tears ;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

HYMN CLXIII. C. M.

The presence of God worth dying for.

LORD 'tis an infinite delight,
To see thy lovely face ;
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays,

2 Thy way is to the upright strength,
Lord make it so to me,

That never tireing with the length,
My soul may reach to thee.

3 Now let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too;

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

4 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;

Oh for some heav'ly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies...

5 There ye that love my Saviour sit,

There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

6 O may my humble spirit stand,
Amongst them cloth'd in white;
The meanest place at God's right hand,
Is infinite delight...

7 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the lamb.

8 Jesus the Lord their harps employ,
Jesus my love they sing,
Jesus the name of all my joys,
Sounds sweet on ev'ry string...

9 O may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonders and joys shall tune my heart
And love command my tongue.

HYMN CLXIV. C. M.

Zion and the Lamb.

RISE Zion shine, thy light is come,
The glor'ous day's begun ;
Those beams we see how bright they be,
Dart from the glor'ous sun.

2 Of righteousness that rising is,
The day doth dawn apace ;
Those songs of praise we hear a-days
Of Christ and his free grace.

3 Are tokens plain, the Lamb once slain
Is hastning to his throne ;
The bride doth say come haste away,
My dear beloved one.

4 The saints rejoice the turtle's voice,
Is heard within our land ;
The hundred forty four thousand,
Doth on mount Zion stand.

5 And there they sing to Christ their king,
With songs of such a strain ;
That there are none but those alone,
For whom the Lamb was slain.

6 Can learn the song the saints do sing,
The song of Moses now
Are laid aside by the lamb's bride,
For 'tis a note below.

7 Ye taught ones of the Lord sing praise,
To th' Lamb upon the throne ;
For it was he taught you and me,
To sing the Lamb's new song.

HYMN CLXV. L. M.

Saints welcome to heaven, their home.

COME we that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed.

Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street,
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabr'el's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound through the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
Whilst Christ the judge their joy proclaims,
Here comes my saints, I own their names.

6 Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make room for to receive my bride;
Ye harps of heav'n come sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.

7 In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glit'ring robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor round the throne.

8 They stand in wonder and look on,
And join in one eternal song;
Their great redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

H Y M N. CLXVI. C. M.

The convert in his duty, makes all joyous.

GLORIOUS angels do rejoice,
GWhen sinners turn to God;

1 Let us unite with cheerful voice,
And sing unto the Lord.

2 Christ Jesus unto Jordan came,
To be baptiz'd of John ;
A voice from heaven did proclaim,
'Tis my beloved Son.

3 Jesus his servants sent about,
His gospel to make known ;
For to baptize the world throughout,
All them who do him own.

4 Lord we have now before our eyes,
One that doth set his hand,
To serve the Lord, to be baptiz'd,
As thou didst give command.

5 Glory to God that reigns above.
For his abounding grace ;
Is this the token of his love,
To us a guilty race.

6 Let us improve our tongues to sing,
The praises of the Lord ;
For calling sinners home to him,
By his all-powerful word.

HYMN CLXVII. C. M.

To sing going to the water for Baptism.

MINE ears delighted with the sound,
It breaks the silent air ;
It rings melod'ous all around,
It cords, I hear no jarr.
How beautiful the saints appear,
They're to the water bound ;
This is the voice that I do hear,
With songs their joys are crown'd.

3 In ord'ly ranks they slowly move,
And praise their mighty king ;
All solemn faces full of love,
Adoring while they sing.

4 I see the heav'n-born candidate,
With wonder and surprise ;
Say'ng why me Lord, I've come so late,
And tears roll from his eyes.

5 But still he fills a humble place,
Amidst those solemn ranks ;
They walk down to the water-side,
And hail sweet jordan's banks.

6 The watchman prays a charming sound,
Then takes him by the hand ;
Bright Seraphs hover all around,
And by God's Children stand.

7 They both step softly in the stream
The waters rolling by ;
Then under water plunges him,
He cries my friends come nigh.

8 I'll tell you what sweet Christ hath done,
He sav'd my soul from death ;
Then from the waters straight he comes,
With praise in ev'ry breath,

H Y M N CLXVIII. L. M.

The shepherd's care.

1 YESUS my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence will my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

2 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend .
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant.

3 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou O Lord art with me still.

5 Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreary shade ;
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray.

6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile ;
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N CLXIX. L. M.

God's glory proclaim'd in the heavens.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky ;
The spangling heav'ns a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2 Th' unwear'd sun from day to day,
Does his creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale ;
And nightly to the listning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in thir turn,

R

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found.

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made them is divine.

H Y M N . CLXX . L. M.

*A young man called to preach when 18 years of age,
being Converted when about 12: Calls his fellow
Youth,*

HARK careless youth and hear me tell,
I was a rebel bound to hell ;
But God's free mercy did abound,
And heav'n encircl'd me around.

2 In sin I did myself employ,
My heav'nly peace for to destroy ;
Pray youth don't do as I have done,
Such dreadful hazard for to run.

3 Sure eighteen years and more I lost,
Before I took my Saviour's cross ;
Divine compassion turn'd my mind,
And consolation I did find.

4 And now I chuse to wear the cross,
All that I had I count but loss ;
And in the gospel mean to stand,
And preach it through this barren land.

5 Come now dear youth the Son embrace,
Bow to his feet yea kiss his face ;
He'll be to you a friend yea more,
Will save you from the fiery shore.

6 Remember time flies swiftly by,
Your body in the grave must lie
Your soul must mount to God and hear
Your final doom and sentence there.

7 To heav'ly joys you'll enter in,
Or have the merits of your sin ;
You'll praise the name of Jesus there,
Or sink to rigions of despair.

HYMN. CLXXI. C. M.

The Conflict.

A H ! me my heart's the seat of war,
A Two armies there appear ;
Satan has drawn his forces up,
My God my strength draw near.

2 The flesh and spirit do contend,
For this weak soul of mine ;
Two worlds in competition stand,
Lord save me I am thine.

3 The soul upon the wing of faith,
Strews triumphs in his way ;
But straight a guilty thought breaks in,
And migles night with day.

4 My evidences should be clear,
But ah ! the blots of sin
Turn cheering hopes to sadning fear,
And make black doubts within.

5 The laws of sin and grace will jar,
Both dwelling in one room ;
The saints expect perpet' al war,
Till they art sent for home.

6 Altho' these combats make you fear,
They should not cast you down ;

God will give grace to hold out here,
And glory for a crown.

HYMN CLXXII. C. M.

For a soft heart.

THAT heart is harder than a stone,
That rises up to play,
And ne'er with sorrow thinks upon
The sins of yesterday.

2 The last night's failures well might make,
If they were duly scann'd,
Each rock, each sinner's heart to ache,
For saints are daily tann'd.

3 Ah Lord thou se'st my frozen heart,
How little, little love,
I owe thee all scarce pay thee part,
Drop softness from above.

4 If thou withhold a little space,
Withhold not very long;
Send down the melting dews of grace,
I'll send thee up a song.

5 Make my heart softer softer still,
Me like thy mourning dove,
I mourn because I cannot mourn,
But Lord thou know'st I love.

6 Make my heart softer softer still,
That by thy gracious hand,
A deep impression may be made,
E'en from the least command.

HYMN CLXXIII. S. M.

Pride.

INNUMERABLE foes,
Attack the child of God;

He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load.

2 Temptations too without,
Of various kinds assault ;
Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And makes him often halt.

3 From sinner and from saint,
He meets with many a blow ;
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.

4 But tho' the host of hell,
Be neither weak nor small ;
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.

5 'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That spir't by God abhor'd ;
Do what we will it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.

6 It blows its pis' nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.

7 Awake—nay while we sleep,
In all we think or speak ;
It puffs us glad, torments us sad,
Its hold we cannot break.

8 In other ills we find,
The hand of heav'n not slack ;
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.

9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd,
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse ;

Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.

10 Against its influ'nce pray,
It mingles with the pray'r;

Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 'tis there.

11 This moment while I write,
I feel its pow'r within ;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.

12 Thou meek and lovely Lamb.
This haughty tyrant kill ;
That wounded thee tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy spirit still.

13 Our condescending God,
To whom else shall we go ;
Remove our pride whate'er betide,
And lay and keep us low.

14 Thy garden is the place,
Where pride can not intrude ;
For should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.

HYMN CLXXIV.

The assaults of sin.

LUKE-warm souls the foe groes stronger,
See what hosts your Camp surround,
Ain to battle lay no longer,
Hark the silver trumpet's sound.
Wake ye sleepers wake what mean you,
Sin besets you round about ;
Up and search the world's within you ;
slay or chase the traitors out.

What enchant's you pelf or pleasure ?
2 Pluck right eyes with right hands part ;

Ask your conscience where's your treasure,

For be certain thet's your heart.

Give the frowning foe no credit,

So the bloody flags unfurld;

That base heart the Lord has said it,

Loves not God that loves the world.

3 God and mammon oh be wiser !

Serve them both it cannot be;

Ease in warfare saint and miser,

These will never well agree.

Shun the shame of foully falling,

Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay;

Prove your faith make sure your calling,

Wield the sword and win the day.

Forward press towards perfection,

Watch and pray and all things prove;

Seek to know your God's election,

Search his everlasting love.

Dread backsliding, scorn desembling,

Now salvation's near in view;

Work it out with fear and trembling;

'Tis your God that works in you.

H Y M N CLXXV.

The Paradox.

HOW strange is the course that a christian
must steer,

How perplext is the path he must tread;

The hope of his happiness rises from fear,

And his life he receive's from the dead.

2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd,
And his best resolutions be crost;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly say'd,
'Till he finds himself utterly lost.

When all this is done and his heart is assur'd,
 Of the total remission of sin ;
 When his pardon is seal'd and his peace is procur'd
 From that moment his conflict begins.

H.Y.M.N. CLXXVI.

BEGONE unbelief,
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief,
 Will surely appear.
 By pray'r let me wrestle,
 And he will perform,
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide.
 Though cisterns be broken,
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken,
 Will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past,
 Forbids me to think,
 He'll leave me at last,
 In trouble to sink.
 Each sweet ebenezar
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure,
 To help me quite through.

4 Determin'd to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death.
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,

And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame.

5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptations or pain,
He told me no less.

The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live.
His way was much ruffer,
And darker than mine,
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine.

7 Since all that I meet,
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food.
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then oh how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

H Y M N CLXXVII. L. M.

Israel's Warriors.

DRAW near ye boasters hear me tell
Of Israel's warriors in the field;
How by their hand their foes have fell,
When they have girded on the shield.

2. First think of David lovel youth,
Who play'd the man and did his part.

He throw'd Gath's monster in the field,
This was the man after God's heart,

3 Adino slew eight hundred men,
With his own spear they fell out right;
This at one time the conqueror did,
So we will speak of the Ezmite.

4 Eleazar did cut his way,
He slew an army all alone;
His hand unto his sword did cleave,
This mighty forc'd them loud to groan.

5 Shammah he was a valiant man,
He fought a troop when Israel fled;
The Lord by him salvation wrought,
The ground he cover'd with the dead.

6 Abishai slew hundreds three,
And gain'd a name among the great,
He slew the giant Ishbibenob,
And many more great acts of weight.

7 Among the rest hear Samson's feats,
With th' jaw-bone of an ass he kill'd;
The Philistines lay heaps on heaps,
Then Israel's judges station fill'd.

8 Benaiah a worthy man,
Two men like lions fought and slew;
Down to a pit went all alone,
And kill'd a lion in time of snow.

9 Now time would fail to speak of all,
Of Gideon Barak and Jephtha too;
The prophets Daniel and Samuel,
By faith great kingdoms did subdue.

10 But what is more than all that's said,
Is this to see a christian fight;
Against the Devil self and sin,
And put those hellish foes to flight.

11 The man that fights in heav'n's cause
Must never run nor quit the field ;
But bold and joyful take the cross,
Come life or death he must not yield.

12 God's ministers like thund'ring guns,
Shall beat their lofty babels down ;
His faints are warr'ors ev'ry one,
And ev'ry one shall wear a crown.

13 Whoe'er he be that sin doth slay,
His name through heaven's courts shall ring ;
A robe of righteousness shall wear,
Drink of neither and upper springs.

H Y M N. CLXXVIII. C. M.

COME brethren let us join and sing,
And tell what Christ has done ;
Who sav'd our souls from hell and sin,
By his free grace alone.

2 The angelic host he passed by,
And set his love on man ;
Left glory and come down to die,
Our souls for to redeem.

3 We've heard his voice, we know the sound,
We feast upon his love ;
The blessed spirit has come down,
To witness him above.

4 He is our Prophet, Priest and King,
Whom we unseen adore ;
Therefore we'll praise, and talk, and sing,
Of him for evermore.

5 Our fellowship's divine and sweet,
With Father and the Son ;
And to him heart to heart doth meet,
That we may all be one.

6 That we his name may glorify,
In his probation state ;
And in his promises rely,
And for his coming wait.

7 And when our tribulation's o'er,
And trouble with us cease ;
We shall arrive on Cana'n's shore,
And see him as he is.

8 And when our faith and hope does cease,
And we leave off to pray ;
The love of Christ will then increase,
To everlasting day.

HYMN CLXXIX.

COME brethren let's sing of Jesus our King,
Who di'd for to save us from hell & our sin.

2 We've hear'd his sweet voice and have made
him our choice ;
We've felt a free pardon so we will rejoice.

3 His voice we well know and to him we'll go
For grace and for glory which he will bestow.

4 He calls us his sheep and engages to keep
Our souls from all danger awake or asleep.

5 My Father said he is greater than me,
And he will protect us wherever we be.

6 There's nothing that can pluck us from his
hand,

For the voice of a stranger we can't understand,

7 But flee from his way and make no delay,
For wolves in sheep's cloathing can't make us
their prey.

8 So thro' his free grace we'll run on our race,
Till we come to glory to see our Lord's face ;

9 Where all our whole aim will be to proclaim

The sweet song of Moses and the Lamb that
was slain.

10 And there we shall see thro' the great mystery
How God dwelt in flesh for'twill manifest be.

11 So our joys will Increase and never more cease
But on his free love shall eternally feast.

12 But we cannot pretend for to comprehend
All the wonders in glory, so amen and amen.

H Y M N CLXXX. C. M.

A hymn for the Lord's supper.

THE God of grace to human race,
Does terms of peace propose ;
He gives his son, his only one
A ransom for his foes,

2 Christ to fulfil his Father's will,
Himself as, feely gave
An off'ring whole, body and soul,
A guilty world to save.

3 The spir't divine for this design,
Lights on him like a dove ;
The sacred three in one agree,
In this great act of love.

4 Justice and grace like friends embrace,
With equal splendor shine ;
No gift could be, so rich, so free,
So glorious, so divine.

5 Blest Saviour, why should we deny
To thee at thy desire ;
An off'ring whole, body and soul,
As reason doth require.

6 Since thou for us hath borne a cross,
Tho' free from ev'ry crime ;

How great should be, our love to thee,
Our praises how sublime.

HYMN. CLXXXI. C. M.

ANOTHER.

HOW sweet, how charming is the place,
With God's bright presence crown'd!
Happy his children who his board
As olive plants surround.

2 Eat of this feast, says he, my friends,
Who to my courts repair;
Come dearest christian freely drink
The wine which I prepare.

3 Lord we accept thy boundless treat
With wonder joy and love;
O may we in thy house have place
And never thence remove.

4 Here may our faith still on thee feed
The only food divine;
To faith thy flesh is meet indeed,
Thy blood the noblest wine.

5 Thy blood that purifying juice,
To cleanse our soul's design'd;
To heal a sinner's bleeding heart,
And cheer his drooping mind.

6 Here we are glad to view thy love,
Through figures and in part;
But how much greater joy will be,
To see thee as thou art.

HYMN. CLXXXII.

On the Mystery of Salvation.

WHAT a glorious mystery, wonder, won-
der, wonder,
That I should ever saved be; wonder, &c.

No heart can think, no tongue can tell &c.
The love of God uncheangable, &c.

2 Great mystery who can tell why
That Christ for sinners e'er should die ;
That he should leave those realms of bliss,
And groan for sinners on the cross.

3 Great mystery that he should place
His love on those of Adam's race ;
That my poor soul should share a part,
And find a mansion in his heart.

4 Great mystery I do behold ;
That God should ever save a soul ;
And snatch me from the jaws of hell,
The greatness of his love to tell.

5 Why was I not still left behind,
With thousand others of mankind ;
Who run the dang'rous sinful race,
And dies and never tastes his grace.

6 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly brought us in to taste,
Of heavenly manna from above,
Redeeming grace and living love.

7 Not all the heavenly host can scan,
The glories of this noble plan ;
'Tis wisdom from the Father's skill,
And so remains a mystery still.

H Y M N CLXXXLII. L. M.

Love and Obedience.

NOW while we do begin to sing,
A song of praise to Christ our King,
O may our hearts be rais'd above
All things below, and fir'd with love.
2 Since thou dost of us all require
To worship thee with pure desire,

To glorify thy name and then
The God of peace will in us reign.

3 Then shall our noblest powers rejoice,
When we're obed'ent to thy voice ;
To act and do what thou commands,
Renouncing all our former plans.

4 That in the spirit we may walk,
Attending to what Christ has spoke ;
So shall we all grow up in him,
Unto a stature of a man.

5 Then like the sun will Zion shine,
Each part in union all divine ;
O hasten this dear Lord we pray,
To be fulfill'd in this our day.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

The person of Christ Characterized.

WHEN fierce Tiberius Rome's vast empire
Sway'd,
And east and west unwilling homage paid ;
His Praetor in Judea Lentulus,
Wrote to the senate and the people thus :
Not long ago a most surprising man,
One Jesus Christ to shew himself began ;
The Gentiles as a prophet him applaud,
But his disciples as the son of God :
He cures by touch incurable diseases,
And by his powerful word dead bodies raises ;
His stature somewhat tall, a winning grace,
Striking with vigour on his awful face,
Which all behold with wonder and delight ;
His hair in color brown but wond'rous bright,
Straight to his ears it falls but thence below,
In waving ringlets on his shoulders flow ;
A seam his lovely tresses does divide,

Which parts the golden treasure on each side ;
So have I seen devoted Nazarites wear,
In just partition their divided hair :
His beard not long, fork'd in the midst doth part
And somewhat thick shews nature more than art
His awful forehead graceful, plain and smooth ;
In symmetry exact his nose and mouth ;
His eyes are grey but very quick and clear,
Striking at once, two passions love and fear ;
His looks all innocence, always serene,
Sweet in his voice, attractive is his mien ;
In speaking tho' he's temperate mild and meek,
He speaks as with authority to speak ;
That e'er he laugh'd is testifi'd by none,
But many saw him weep and hear him groan ;
His body's cast in nature's finest mould,
His hands and arms delightful to behold !
Sure he must be, his texture is so fine,
A God incarnate or a man divine.

A POEM on the deaths of Isaiah Wilcox and Solomon Sprague.

LET Zion, with her sons and daughters mourn, no
Her watchmen gone—and never to return ;
Thy faithful watchmen fallen—they are dead,
Their souls, we trust, to glory now are fled.
They've left all sublunary things below,
To quench their thirst, where living waters flow,
They look not back to earth, on objects seen,
But hast to find those pastures fresh and green.
Their toil is finished, and their work is done,
Their days are ended, and their glass is run,
They take their flight above—their crown's on
high,
They join the millions—millions of the sky.

Wilcox and Sprague once lov'd but now they

Mingle together with the common dust ;
Their bodies will the hungry worms suffice,
Till Gabriel's thund'ring trumpet bids them rise.

Ye friends & christians on whose cheeks are found
The silver drops run trickling to the ground ;
In pensive hours ye say, "Our guides are gone,
"Our souls are pain'd—for we are left alone."

The widow's house I visit—she does weep.
And says ' my rest is broken and I cannot sleep ;
And when into the temple I repair,
My watchman's seat is empty, he's not there.

Stop here your mourning, your fires are gone to rest
And taken seats with John, near Jesus' breast :
Look to the God of Jacob, Israel's rock,
He'll give you Pastors that shall feed the flock.

The college keys of heav'n he keeps, & can bestow
Leaders to guide where Shiloh's waters flow ;
Jordan will cease to swell—the Nile to rise—
But these will last beyond th' eternal skies.

Shepherd of shepherds, is the Lord most true,
A Shepherd kind, who will take care of you ;
The tender lambs he bears upon his arms,
Feeds with his hands, and in his bosom warms.

You are his guardian care, and he'll supply
Your longing appetites with richest joy ;
Trust in the Lord, and he'll sustain your load,
And make the wearied run the heav'nly road.

You that be troubled, rest with us a-while,
Heav'n will bestow on us another smile,
Before death clasps us in his icy arms ;
And when he does, we'll fly into Christ's charms.

Where sin's black, swathy face shall never come,
Nor sorrow in those regions ever roam ;
But life's unfathomable sea shall ever roll,
And praise, and joy, and love fill ev'ry soul.

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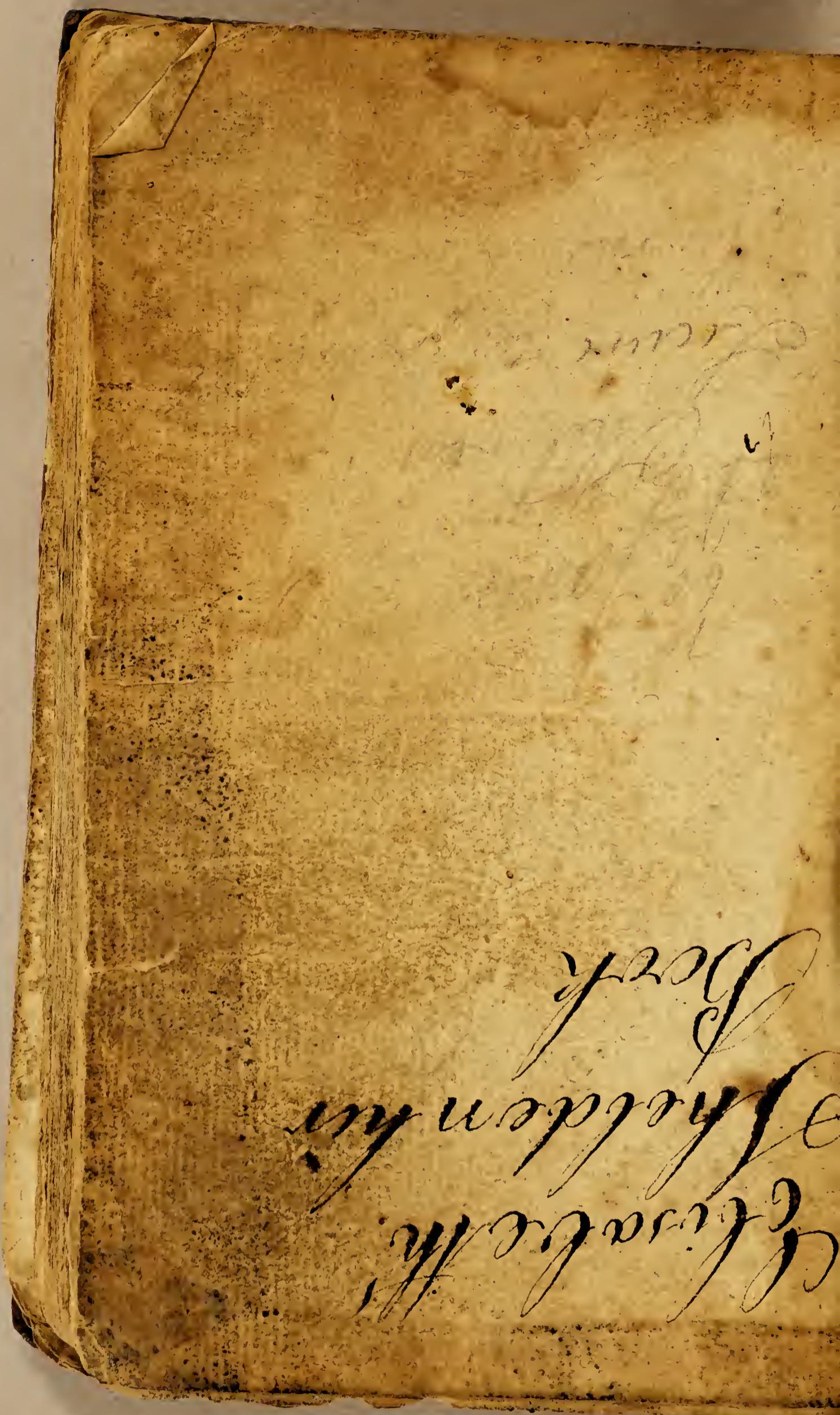
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